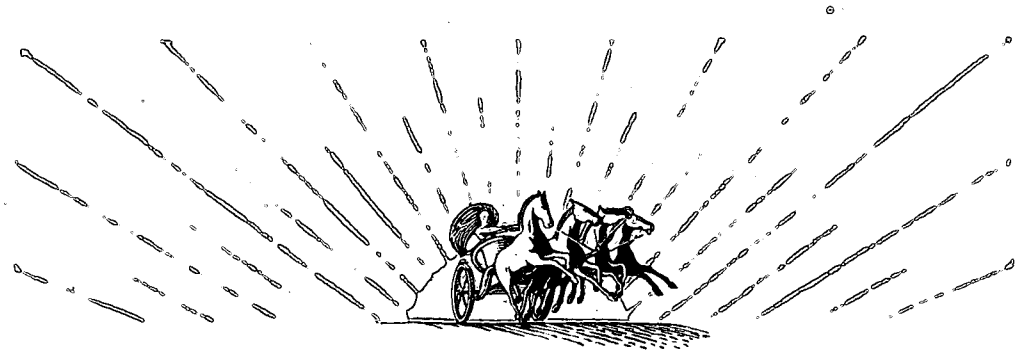

# THE LIVING AGE

[ MONTHLY NUMBER ]

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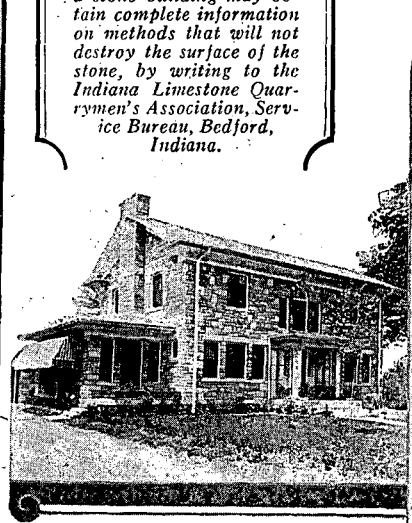

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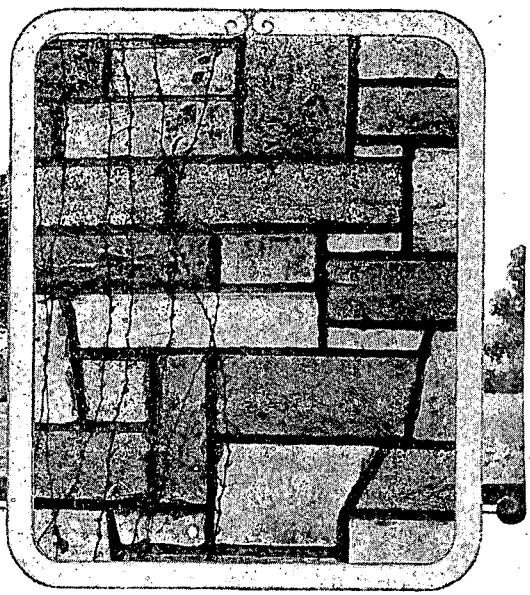

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## STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

March 6, 1926

WHY I JOINED THE CONSERVATIVES. Why does Sir Alfred Mond believe in the freehold ownership of farms? What is the chief danger that he sees in Lloyd George's land reform scheme?

A REPLY TO SIR ALFRED MOND. What, according to Mr. Eagar, is the real need of agriculture? On what points does he find Sir Alfred Mond in error?

THE NEW PALESTINE. What are the chief activities of the Jews in Palestine? How is their social life arranged?

BRITAIN AND AMERICA. I. What notable change in the feelings between England and America has occurred in the last twenty years? Why should England and America stand together? II. What striking difference does the *Spectator* contributor point out between British salesmanship in the United States and American salesmanship in England? How does he suggest selling the products of one country to the inhabitants of the other?

MOSCOW'S REAL FOREIGN POLICY. What is the great stumbling-block in all negotiations between Russia and the nations of Europe? Name some of the activities that are attributed in an exaggerated degree to the Soviet Government. In what four political groups are the Soviet diplomats especially interested? How do the Bolsheviks hope to overthrow capitalism in Europe and America? Why does Mr. Bassesches believe that their scheme is unsound?

---

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.


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# AMONG OUR AUTHORS

EASILY the most dramatic event of the winter in British politics was the recent defection from the Liberal Party of **Sir Alfred Mond,** who has been one of its leaders. The son of Dr. Ludwig Mond, a great German industrial chemist who established himself in a large business in Great Britain a generation ago, Sir Alfred has been engaged in political activity as a Member of Parliament since 1906 and as Minister of Health in the Coalition Cabinet in 1921–22, where he was one of Lloyd George's most devoted supporters. He is the author of a volume of essays on political and economic subjects, entitled *Questions of To-day and To-morrow.* **W. McG. Eagar,** who answers him, is secretary of the Land and Nation League.

**J. L. Greene** is an American resident of the Canal Zone, who was drafted for temporary work as an assistant of the plebiscite commission.

**Nicholas Bassesches,** whose views on Soviet diplomacy have so broad a basis in first-hand information, is an engineer by profession, and the Moscow correspondent of the Liberal *Vossische Zeitung.*

The Genoese sailor and geographer, **Christopher Columbus,** is too well known to our readers to need introduction here. His talents as a letter-writer, however, may be less generally appreciated than his achievements as Admiral of the Ocean.

**Edwin Muir** is a young Scotch critic and poet, who has lived much on the Continent, particularly in Prague, and has latterly settled down in London to an active literary career. He is the author of two volumes of informal philosophy and literary criticism, *We Moderns* and *Latitudes,* of a translation of Schnitzler's *Fräulein Else,* and of a recent volume of somewhat cerebral verse, *First Poems.* He is a regular contributor of reviews to *The Nation and the Athenæum* and other English journals.

The Irish novelist, poet, and literary critic, **Stephen Gwynn,** left Ireland in early life, had an Oxford education, and for some years worked as a journalist in London. Since 1904 he has lived chiefly in Ireland, however, and has been one of her interpreters to the world, especially the English-speaking world. He is the author of books on Tennyson, Thomas Moore, Robert Emmet, and John Redmond, as well as of novels and verse. A writer of 'Biographies for Beginners' in the *Spectator's* contest describes him in the following terms: —

Mr. Stephen Gwynn
Keeps telling the world what a mess Ireland is in.
When they ask him to explain,
He says it all over again.

**E. V. Lucas,** who is responsible for a definitive edition of the works and letters of Charles Lamb, has inherited much of the special kind of literary affection that the good Charles has always enjoyed. He is the author of a series of exceptionally pleasant and acute travel-books, all of which are entitled *A Wanderer in* — this, that, and the other place. An old contributor to *Punch,* he is, in more sober moments, the head of the firm of Methuen and Company.

**Percy Ripley** is one of the younger English poets, whose verse often has an intensely mystical quality.

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### THE LONDON TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*says*

IT will hardly be denied that the Fourth Gospel is, in brief compass, the most remarkable book ever written and the most interesting. The study of it has called into play every kind of human ingenuity — hostile, contemptuous, reverent, critical, devout, passionate. When one has watched scholars or theologians at work upon it, dissecting, weighing, comparing with minute care, it may come into one's mind that it would be well to learn how, as a whole, it impresses a reader who is neither a professed scholar nor a formal theologian but who knows books and knows men.

Such an advantage can sometimes be had. Three or four years ago we had occasion to review such an impression recorded by the late Professor Symes, whose ordinary studies had lain in a very different direction. To-day we have the impressions of a man of affairs, a student of history and politics, a scholarly gentleman rather than a scholar, who gives us exactly what we might be looking for. It is not that Lord Charnwood has read the Gospel superficially or has neglected recent scholarship bearing upon it (for he gives evidence of wide reading); it is that he approached the problem of the book, as he frankly says, "without . . . any fixed theological opinions," and that he has steadily faced it, with its entire setting, as a concrete whole; he has done this at intervals for many years, and, "whether it be reasonable or not," he says, "it is in fact the consequence of this that I find myself, somewhat to my surprise, a very ordinary Christian in my beliefs."

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By

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*Ellery Sedgwick*, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, predicts a great success for Miss Thompson, whom he met in London last spring. He writes:

> "She gave me half of the manuscript of 'The Hounds of Spring' to read on the voyage home. I took it, knowing that it would be clever, but how deeply interesting I had no conception until I had read half-a-dozen chapters. There are lots of things in the story, of course, that she would change, were she half-a-dozen years older, but the stories she will write then will certainly not have more vitality, more genuineness, more rush of life, than 'The Hounds of Spring.'
>
> "And how directly she tackles the complex questions which we older people fumble at,—all the varied problems of loyalty, to state, to humanity, to friends, and to one's self. She approaches them so naturally, directly, and fearlessly, that whatever we oldsters think, she may well be everlastingly right.
>
> "And then there is the test which marks the high point in the book's drama, of the right of a woman to live her own life. The theme has been often embroidered before, but I cannot recall a modern novel in which the struggle seems more elemental, and where the reader is more utterly face to face with the naked truth."

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# NEXT WEEK

## JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES — *By A. G. Gardiner*

When the *Economic Consequences of the Peace* appeared, its author was immediately hailed as one of the foremost living economists, and since then his reputation has steadily grown. Here we are given a vivid study of this amazing man by a famous author and publicist.

## THE FASCISTI AND THE INTELLECTUALS

*By Roberto Forges Davanzatti*

Now that the laughs about the Dayton trial have subsided, even in Europe, our attention is called to the Fascist application of the Tennessee doctrine to the schools of Italy.

## THE DRUSES AND THEIR MOUNTAINS

*By a Turkish Correspondent*

It was the Druses who defeated two French military expeditions in Syria last summer. This visiting Turk tells us something about these wild patriarchs on their native heath.

## PLAGIARISM — *By Sir Edmund Gosse*

When is a theft not a theft? In literature this is an especially difficult question to answer. Even Shakespeare is frequently guilty of what might be called plagiarism in a lesser man. Sir Edmund Gosse discourses on this delicate subject in agreeable and scholarly style.

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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *MARCH 6, 1926* — NO. 4261

## AROUND THE WORLD IN FEBRUARY

THIS has been a bad month for the Liberal Party in England, though predictions of its disappearance are fantastically premature. It has lost ground in the last three by-elections, and its interminable dissensions provoked the *Outlook* to say that 'keeping the Liberals together is like eating grape nuts with a fork.' Yet the Earl of Oxford's appeal for a campaign fund has met with a gratifying response, and Sir Alfred Mond's secession with a little group of adherents has not discouraged the faithful. Such changes of political allegiance, however, never promote good feeling. The Earl of Oxford received the notification of the defection of his former colleague in good temper, although with regret that Sir Alfred 'should have thought it a duty to shift his allegiance to the Protectionist Party'; but Lloyd George, in a statement that the *Saturday Review* criticizes as 'both vulgar and venomous,' declared that his former friend, 'like another notorious member of his race, has gone to his own place.' *The Nation and the Athenæum* thinks the real issue in the Party is between those who fear Socialism as a doctrine and those like Lloyd George who are ready to deal with each issue on its merits, regardless of purely doctrinal aspects. It predicts that the members of the Liberal Party who see eye to eye with Sir Alfred Mond as to the primary importance of resisting Socialism will join him, and hopes that they will do so in order to clear the air.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin's Administration is frankly commended by many Liberals. The Conservative *Saturday Review* distrusts this new friendliness and suspects 'a determined move instigated by opponents of the present Government, and as yet unsupported by any of the Premier's colleagues or followers, to depose Mr. Baldwin and so to divide the Conservative ranks that a new Government could be formed which would be composed of Conservative, Liberal, and Labor elements.' The Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* concedes approvingly that Mr. Baldwin 'is quite justified in claiming that the general reputation of the Government stands decidedly higher than it did a few months ago. Such matters as Locarno and the Ulster Boundary Agreement are solid achievements for which the Govern-

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ment deserves much credit. And these, moreover, do not seem purely casual, isolated episodes: one feels that the spirit of good-will and reconciliation, which Mr. Baldwin both practises and preaches, has contributed materially to them.' This journal also commends Mr. Baldwin's good intentions in domestic policies, — his endorsement of the new electrical scheme and the decision to push forward a housing-programme in Scotland, — but thinks they conflict with his economy programme.

J. L. Garvin, writing in the *Observer*, thinks that Mr. Baldwin is growing into a real historical figure, that he is one of those rare men who continue to learn after middle age, and that in many ways he transcends his Party. 'He dashed his first majority to pieces, strengthened his hold on his Party, and came back to enhanced power, in twelve months. He embraced M. Poincaré in the Ruhr crisis, and has presided at the signature of the Locarno Pact. By the subsidy he staggered faith, but restores it and enhances it by rising to the full height of the tasks of national reconstruction which no Government since the Armistice had faced. He is addressing himself to the supreme business of a coal settlement in a manner suggesting that in his usual fashion he has learned everything from his damaging crisis last July. He now numbers among his following three men who were stars of Liberalism — Mr. Churchill, Mr. Reginald McKenna, and Sir Alfred Mond. The Premier could frame at any moment a stronger cabinet than his present one. He has put Widows' and Orphans' Pensions on the statute book. . . . He drives at house-building with a pluck . . . If this is Conservative, what 's in a name?'

The Liberals have at least made the land policy a political issue. In reply to their reform project the Government has come out with a White Paper issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, proposing to encourage agriculture by short-term credits, promoting small holdings, afforestation, subsidies to drainage works, coöperative marketing, assistance to rural home-building and road-building, and aid to the beet-sugar industry — measures by no means satisfactory to the Farmers Union. Coal-mining is Great Britain's industrial invalid. Its defective organization and the Labor Party's desire to make it the first objective in a campaign for nationalizing industry retard convalescence. But its doctors are in better temper. Lord Londonderry has come out in open opposition to the contention of his fellow coal-owners that longer hours and lower wages will help the industry, and declares that rate-cutting and wage-cutting are as bad a capitalist fallacy as limitation of output is a labor fallacy. The Government keeps on with its housing-policy despite the objections of the building trades. In defense of their opposition, the *New Statesman* says: 'The unions do not object to steel houses as such, but to the rates of wages paid by Lord Weir's firm, and by no other. . . . Steel houses are being built in considerable numbers in various parts of the country without any opposition from the building trades.' Oxford University has rallied to the established faith by presenting two of its undergraduates with the alternative of resigning all connection with the Communist Party and Communist propaganda, or immediate expulsion.

A by-election in which André Tardieu, Clemenceau's ardent lieutenant of Peace Conference days, reversed the majority of a Radical predecessor has done more to stop partisan wrangling in France than either Fascist threats or appeals to reason. If M. Briand carries through the legislation necessary to balance the budget, and a new elec-

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toral law, and then asks the voters to endorse him by a general election, he may be defeated, for republics are notoriously ungrateful, but he will have performed a service for France scarcely inferior to that performed by Clemenceau during the war. How impractical some of the Socialist demands made during the debate on the finances were is illustrated by a single item in their programme — namely, that all bearer bonds, including several billions of Government bonds, should forthwith be converted into registered bonds, transferable only with the owner's endorsement. The object was to prevent the concealment of assets and the exportation of securities; but no provision whatever was made for the twenty or thirty thousand additional Government clerks, to say nothing of the host of new bank-employees, who would have to be put on in order to carry out this work within the time required.

The new German Government is less Agrarian than its predecessor — at least it does not represent a shifting to the Right; but in the large no change in policy is forecast. As long as international questions hold first place in Germany's political interest, Party differences, which as a rule are determined by domestic issues, are not likely to endanger the Government. But the proposed property-settlement with Germany's ex-rulers has stirred up the people. That huge sums of public money should be appropriated for the Hohenzollerns just when the country has more than a million unemployed and industry is handicapped by lack of capital has provoked unwonted resentment. Demonstrations were held all over the country on the ex-Kaiser's birthday to protest against these measures. In one Berlin procession he was hung in effigy. The demonstrators included not only working people, but also many impoverished victims of inflation from the former well-to-do classes. Letters on the subject appeared in the Communist organ *Die Rote Fahne* from people who obviously have little connection with the Communist movement. One of these, from a higher postal official, began as follows: 'Although I seldom read political articles in the press, and seldom approve them when I do, I must write to commend your stand against the proposed settlement with the Princes. It agrees absolutely with my own sentiments. I myself am what would have been called in old times an "Imperial official"; but I cannot, with the best will in the world, understand how anyone, in these days of general poverty and privation, no matter how loyal he may be to a monarchy, can consider for a moment appropriating great sums of money for the Princes. This is not only my feeling, but that of the countless other men who were devoted to the Kaiser heart and soul until he made this extortionate demand upon us.' The Social Democrats, the trade-unions, and the Communists have for once agreed to join hands in a demand that the question be submitted to the people in a referendum. The Liberal-bourgeois Parties, on the other hand, propose to set up a special tribunal or Court of Royal Claims to handle the whole subject.

Fascism has supplanted Bolshevism as Europe's popular bugaboo. Whenever a disturbed area or a political impasse develops in that sadly harried continent, an alarmist chorus raises the shout, '*Fascism — voila l'ennemi!*' But as Europe's ills are as multifarious as her nationalities, traditions, and economic interests, interpreters are kept busy explaining that there are many kinds of Fascism, so different from each other that it takes an expert to discover their common features.

Among the latest phases of this all-pervasive Fascist infection, according

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to press diagnosticians, is the recent forgery-scandal in Hungary, which is described as a delayed manifestation of long-standing intrigues, having ramifications throughout the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and Bavaria, with which Crown Prince Ruprecht and Hitler were at one time connected. Some allege that its object was to place Albrecht on the throne of Hungary, Ruprecht on the throne of Bavaria, and a dictator of the Mussolini or Primo de Rivera type in charge at Vienna. Gossip also tried to implicate Admiral Horthy in Hungary and Prince Carol of Rumania in a joint plot, by which the latter was to have been made King of Transylvania.

A contributor to the *Italian Mail*, an English-language daily published in Florence and representing the American and British Chambers of Commerce there, thus takes up the cudgels in favor of Italy's existing régime: 'Fascism to-day is the only redeeming element in the European situation, and it stands in no need of either apology or vindication. Although the figure of Mussolini has been converted into a target for the missiles of the anarchists, his regeneration of Italy affords the most irrefutable of answers to the propaganda launched against him in the uninformed and at heart revolutionary journals of Great Britain.'

Rumor has it that both Polish Nationalists and Socialists are turning to a dictatorship to solve their country's economic difficulties. The only solution that the present Government has for the financial crisis is to borrow more money from America. The Socialists condemn foreign borrowing and demand a levy on property instead. The Conservatives are calling for a Fascist dictator; Socialists want Pilsudski for a dictator; and both Parties profess to fear the rising flood of Communism. The 'Fascisti' in Poland are divided, however, into those who want a dictator and those who want a king — with the army supposed to favor the former.

But the drift of European sentiment as a whole is by no means toward Fascism and dictatorships. Just now the Polish press is advocating, as a security against Russo-Prussian pressure and a remedy for economic ills, a customs union and political alliance with Czechoslovakia. *Rzecz Pospolita* argues that such an alliance would be the first step toward a United States of Europe, beginning with a union of Poland and Czechoslovakia on the model of the former Austro-Hungarian Union, with a common customs-frontier, a common currency, common weights and measures, and uniformity in whatever facilitates exchange and production. This union might be extended to embrace Rumania and Yugoslavia, but nothing is said of including Hungary, Austria, or Germany.

Inspired, apparently, by Germany's criticism of Italy's treatment of the Tyrolese, Mussolini has been flirting with France. He recently told a Paris journalist that France and Italy, with their eighty million people, must march shoulder to shoulder. 'It is clearly to their interest to form a solid bloc against the other bloc that is sure to be formed sooner or later by European nations that hate us and are awaiting a chance to attack us.'

Pertinax attached great importance to the Chamberlain-Briand interview at Paris late in January, where, he conjectures, the two countries decided to admit Germany to the League; to reduce the Rhine garrison from seventy-five thousand to sixty thousand men upon Germany's satisfying certain disarmament requirements; to postpone the meeting of the Preliminary Commission for general disarmament — as was subsequently done; to agree upon a successor for the French president of

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the Saar Commission; to consider benevolently giving Poland a seat in the League Council; and to prevent the whitewashing of the Hungarian forgers. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* adds to this that Sir Austen Chamberlain, fresh from his interview with Mussolini at Rapallo, recalled to M. Briand Great Britain's recent cession of Jubaland to Italy, and hinted that France might sell that country her Red Sea port Djibouti, and even, as part of an all-round adjustment presumably favorable to French finance, abandon her mandate over Syria in Italy's favor. M. Briand is said to have rejected these overtures somewhat acidly. If they were actually made, we have another explanation besides Italo-German antagonism over Tyrol for Mussolini's sudden proffer of friendship to his neighbors on the Seine. British opponents of Chamberlain's foreign policy, who are making considerable capital out of the unexpectedly favorable terms Great Britain granted Italy in the debt settlement, insinuate that Mussolini gave a political *quid pro quo* for them. The *Westminster Gazette* asks if the Foreign Minister 'has fully realized how hopelessly negotiations with Angora (over Mosul) would be compromised if the rumor should go abroad unchecked that Italy has offered, and we have accepted, a collaboration against Turkey.' Whatever there may be in this gossip, which may have no foundation, it illustrates the spirit of diplomatic intrigue and suspicion that spreads at times like a night-mould over the mood of Europe.

The postponement of the meeting of the Preliminary Commission for the Disarmament Conference caused more of a sensation abroad than it did in America, and begot another crop of dark conjectures. A three months' postponement is a considerable setback, and no one accepts the explanation that the delay is due to the time required for getting together necessary data. England was in favor of the original date, and the change was due to France, which desires, among other things, to see Germany in the League and the new make-up of the League Council settled before she commits herself to a discussion of this kind. Our decision to join the World Court was received with tempered applause by our prospective fellow litigants across the Atlantic. *The Saturday Review* characterized our reservations as comically illustrating our belief that Europe is inhabited entirely by intriguing politicians whose sole object in life is to get our money to finance their wars. The *Outlook* quoted our own Mr. Hard to the effect that, whatever our formal action, we have 'no official intention of taking any important matters to any court at all.' Even as enthusiastic a champion of the international good-neighbors movement as *The Nation and the Athenæum* cautioned its readers against attaching too much importance to our decision, 'which is long overdue and is not likely to have immediate results of great significance.' Geneva, however, was overjoyed, if we may believe the *Frankfurter Zeitung* dispatches, and looked upon the Senate's action as a step toward League membership.

Rumors of renewed tension in the Balkans are an unerring sign of spring. Just now General Pangalos, the Greek dictator, is said to be straining every nerve to strengthen his army, and to be courting the friendship of the Italians, in order to counter the Turks, who are trying to pick trouble with Greece to divert public attention at home from Angora's Mosul setback. The Bulgarian press is profuse in professions of good-will to Yugoslavia; and these two countries and Turkey are apparently

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coquetting with some sort of an understanding. Bulgaria has not forgiven Greece for her recent aggression. But she is not contemplating war. Nor is it likely that any Balkan Power wishes hostilities, no matter how much satisfaction it may derive from making faces at its neighbors.

An achievement that prophesies to be of immeasurably more enduring benefit to humanity than any transitory political construction is the completion of the Sennar Dam in the Sudan, after some fifteen years' labor. This dam, which is larger than the famous Assuan Dam farther down the Nile, is two miles long, contains fifteen million cubic feet of masonry, retains 140,000 million gallons of water, and will irrigate three hundred thousand acres of the fertile deep-loam plains between the Blue and the White Nile — land peculiarly suitable for cotton.

Abd-el-Krim's alleged peace overtures at Paris through an English intermediary were rejected by M. Briand, and the French press has published a number of articles estimating the Moorish leader's men and resources, to prepare the public mind for a spring campaign. Marshal Pétain has visited Madrid to confer with Primo de Rivera. According to English informants, the Moors are not in as desperate straits as optimistic dispatches have suggested; and even the French papers mention the possibility of much hard fighting before the mountaineers are subdued.

A stern battle is being fought in the South African Parliament over the Color Bar Bill. This bill is the result of a judgment of the South African High Court declaring illegal and void the old Mining Ordinances prohibiting the employment of colored laborers on certain skilled jobs. Since the present Cabinet is a coalition depending for its existence upon the support of the Labor Party, a bill to legalize these ordinances and to extend their scope was immediately introduced in Parliament. The new legislation, if adopted, will make it illegal to employ any black or Asiatic on a job involving the operation of machinery. Last year the Assembly passed such a bill, but the Upper House rejected it. The bill has now been reënacted by the Lower House. It is vigorously opposed by General Smuts, and if it passes the Senate it will aggravate existing friction between whites, Indians, and blacks in South Africa, as well as relations between South Africa and India.

In the controversy between the Soviet Government and Chang Tso-lin over the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, Moscow seems to have come out first best. It has been a common practice of all Chinese tuchuns to use the railways as if they were their private property; but the lines in Manchuria are on a different footing from those elsewhere in China. They are the property of Russia and Japan respectively, and Japan has prohibited Chang Tso-lin, not merely from using her railway without payment, but from using it at all. Furthermore, the Russo-Chinese Treaty of 1924 expressly provided that the Government should pay for the transport of troops over its lines. *The Nation and the Athenæum* said of the controversy: 'On the face of it, the Soviet Government has shown great restraint. We have never been particularly tender toward concessionaires who demand that the commercial risks inherent in investing capital in unsettled countries shall be diminished by military or political action; but the Soviet Government had a perfect right to demand that Chang's troops should not be transported free of charge on a railway in which it was financially interested.'

Hongkong's trade has been paralyzed since British goods were boycotted

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in China after the shooting of Chinese students by police officers nearly a year ago. Canton, through which Hongkong deals with the Chinese hinterland, is now offering to resume trade with the latter city on condition that it pay a large sum — rumor gives it as three million dollars — to the funds of the Canton Strike Union; and it is said that the demand will be accepted. The year 1925 has been one of the blackest periods in Hongkong's history. Meanwhile the Extraterritoriality Conference has met, though under rather disturbing auspices, at Peking, where its labors are regarded with all conceivable degrees of skepticism and optimism, according to the personal slant of the individual spectator. Japan and the United States will be affected differently by Chinese tariff autonomy. For Japan exports to China large quantities of cotton piece-goods and manufactures of a similar character which the Chinese can very well make in their own country; while the United States, which has lost most of its piece-goods trade to Japan, may expect an even greater demand than at present for machinery, iron and steel products, automobiles, and standardized metal-wares, in the production of which there is little likelihood that Japan can compete with us. In other words, the industrialization of China promises to increase the market for development goods which America is now supplying, while it will decrease the market for consumption goods, which are more largely produced by Japan and Europe.

The death of Viscount Taka-akira Kato, the second in succession of his name thus to leave this office, caused no change in the Cabinet except the appointment of Mr. Wakatsuki to his post. He will probably be remembered chiefly as the statesman who gave Japan universal suffrage, but he had also guided the nation skillfully out of the mazes of an aggressive militarist policy into the broad highway of international coöperation, especially in respect to China. His administration is also credited with a wise handling of the country's difficult economic problems. The movement to form a Proletarian Party, to draw its strength largely from the recently enfranchised classes, still continues, although the Government, exercising a power that shows how far Japan still is from true democracy, vetoed the first attempt because its leaders were suspected of Communist sympathies.

Australia is considering a bill that, if enacted, will prohibit by statute the existence within the Commonwealth of any political party or other association that advocates the overthrow of the Constitution, revolution, the use of violence for political ends, or the destruction by force or sabotage of property. This bill is a result of the late seamen's strike and of the embarrassment in which the Commonwealth Premier found himself when the courts decided that the Radical leaders whom he proposed to deport were entitled to sue the authorities for personal damages. While the Federal Government is thus strengthening the buttresses of Conservatism, the Labor Government in New Zealand proposes to abolish the Legislative Council, or Upper Chamber, of the State Legislature. Meanwhile the Commonwealth keeps growing. Its population passed the six-million mark in January, having increased by one-sixth during the last eight years. Two-thirds of this increase is due to excess of births over deaths, and one-third to immigration, which comes mostly from the British Isles, though there is a considerable influx of Italians, especially into the cane-sugar country.

Our diplomatic friction with Mexico over the Alien Property Law has started new protests against 'Yankee

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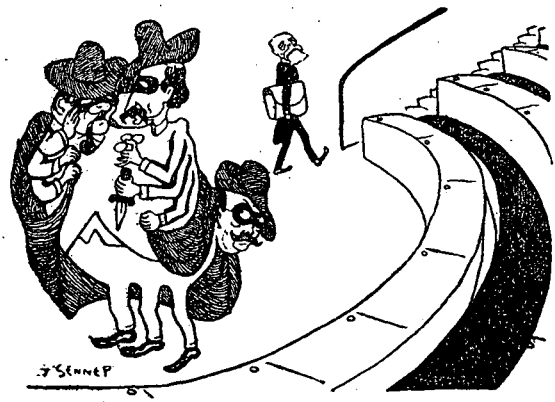
imperialism' in Latin America and in a portion of the European press. Some Madrid papers are especially vigorous in condemning our 'aggressions.' A section of Spanish opinion has taken it rather ill that Chile and Peru should have appealed to Washington to arbitrate the Tacna-Arica dispute instead of to 'the motherland,' and takes malicious delight in the difficulties that our representatives in the disputed provinces have encountered. Something of the same mind is apparent among Pan-Latin propagandists in Paris. Luis Araquistain, one of the most persistent of the anti-Yankee writers in Spain, thinks it might be better if the plebiscite were never held. 'The arbitration award and the plebiscite will simply serve to strengthen the hegemony of the United States in Spanish America.' Some of Peru's and Chile's more immediate neighbors may have felt the same way. Rumors were rife for a time that our Government had appealed to the other A. B. C. Powers, to take a hand in the settlement. The *Diario a Manha* of Rio de Janeiro published 'authoritative information' to the effect that the United States had asked the Brazilian Government to use its good offices in Tacna-Arica and that the Government had accepted the invitation. According to other rumors, our Government's request was also addressed to Buenos Aires. Naturally these reports were immediately denied. They were no more improbable than the rumors that might have circulated in the American sensational press under analogous circumstances, but they revealed a state of mind. Happily, the latest reports from the plebiscite area are that the excitement there has calmed down, and that the prospects for an orderly polling the middle of April are brighter.

THE CARTEL CONSPIRES



BRIAND'S BRUTUSES. 'Here, Monday, at three o'clock!'

— *L'Écho de Paris*

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

The Hungarian with the genuine bank-note.

— *Notenkraker, Amsterdam*

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# WHY I HAVE JOINED THE CONSERVATIVES[1]

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ALFRED MOND, BT., M. P.

[THE latest sensation in the British political world has been Sir Alfred Mond's transfer of allegiance from the Liberal Party, where he has been a leader for several years, to the Conservative Party. This break, though probably long impending, was precipitated by his opposition to Lloyd George's Land Policy. That plan looks to the virtual nationalization of the arable land of Great Britain and its assignment to actual cultivators under long-term leases so controlled by the authorities that tenures to farms not kept under reasonable tillage will be forfeited.]

BRITISH agriculture has been the stepchild of successive Governments. Though attention has recently been focused upon the problems facing it, by the launching of a land policy of far-reaching consequences, the country is really confronted with a problem that has behind it the experience and practice of many centuries, and no useful approach can be made, or any scheme be applied to the future, without a full knowledge of the past. The two basic considerations which face all agricultural reform at the present time are, first, lack of capital on the part of the landlord, which prevents him from providing the improvements and the adequate maintenance of his estate; and, secondly, from the point of view of the cultivator, a want of security. Because of these two impediments to progress it has become the fashion to decry the British farmer as inefficient and out of date; yet, if agricultural statistics are considered, the British farmer is, on the whole, producing more crops per acre, has a higher state of cultivation on his arable land, and probably, on the whole, better stock and better meat than any other farmer on the continent of Europe.

As in all other directions, the modern tendency seems to be to increase the control of the State in agriculture without rendering the required assistance to the cultivator. Agriculture has a particular importance to national prosperity and national stability; but apart from providing that cheap credit to which agriculture is entitled, equally with other industries, and apart from providing a reasonable sense of security in the mind of the farmer, there is little that the State can do to assist the fundamental needs of agriculture besides the bestowal of advice, the promotion of research, and the development of education. For, whatever the tenure, the land is best cultivated with the greatest measure of freedom given to the man who knows what he is doing. It is opposed to the best interests of agriculture for the cultivator of the soil to be interfered with and directed on all the detailed points of his industry. The qualities of the land vary so much from one area to another, from one county to another, from one farm to another, and even from one field to another, that the best judge of the potentialities and possibilities of a farm is most often the farmer himself.

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *January* 16, 30



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There has always been in this country diversity of tenure. Under any system of land reform I object most strongly to either the exclusion of freehold tenure or any hostility toward or hindrance to the future development of freehold tenure. I am an unrepentant believer that freeholders will be the best farmers. There is a section of opinion in this country to which freehold is anathema, which considers the freehold farmer the worst farmer in the world, and which wishes to see the land owned by local authorities and managed by local authorities, and the farmer placed to a large extent in the position of remaining all his life in the status of a pupil, being carefully guided by superior official wisdom. I join a definite and permanent issue with this school of thought. I am a fundamental believer in freehold ownership, as the safest foundation of agriculture in any country. I consider that, both for the purpose of progressive agriculture and for the purpose of national stability, it should be encouraged rather than discouraged. Agriculture in those countries that are now held up to us as examples of efficiency and prosperity — for instance, Denmark, Belgium, and Prussia — has been established upon the development of freehold tenure. Similarly, agriculture in our great Dominions has been established upon freehold tenure; and I consider it vital that no impediment should be put in the way of increasing the number of freeholders, and that, upon the sale of an estate or a farm, the sitting tenant should have the first right of purchase under any scheme of agricultural reform. Indeed, in assuring this the policy would merely be carrying out modern practice, for to-day, at the sale of an estate by any reputable landlord, the sitting tenant is invariably given the option of purchase if he desires it. Moreover, the sitting tenant ought to be able to buy the land on the same terms as those granted to any public body. He ought to be able to buy at a fair agricultural valuation, and he ought to be supplied with the necessary credit upon reasonable terms.

The main objects of any land policy should be the advancement of agriculture — by aiding the development of undercapitalized estates and undercultivated farms, by the application of cheap credit, by giving greater security to the farmer as a tenant and greater facilities for the farmer to become a freeholder, by giving greater opportunities and greater rights to the laborer to obtain, in the form of either allotments, small holdings, or family farms, a progressive ladder by which, if he has the ability, he can himself advance to independence in agriculture. Apart from this brief statement, there remain such important questions as rural housing, rural education, agricultural research, improvement both in stock and in plants, the development of coöperation, particularly in marketing, and the study of the problems of the stabilization of agricultural prices — these are the matters which seem to be essential to revive the agricultural life of the country. Many, if not most, of the objects can be achieved by administrative action, within the scope of present Acts of Parliament. Many others could be achieved by slight amendments of Acts of Parliament relating to agriculture already in force. Any scheme that would strike at the roots of the fundamental principle of freehold; that would increase, rather than diminish, the sense of insecurity in the farmer; that would add to the burdens and complications of local administration; that would create inspired dictators in agriculture in each county; and that would burden the State with the overwhelming toils of a financial experiment, at the present time, should be

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most strongly opposed as against the best interests of agriculture and of the community.

As one who has all along definitely taken a firm and convinced stand as an exponent of individualism as against Socialism, there was no honorable course to pursue, therefore, but to break my lifelong association with the Liberal Party. I therefore decided to coöperate in future with that Party that adheres to the fundamental principle of individualism. The Lloyd George Land Policy was and is the nationalization of agricultural land. No striving after compromise, no endeavor to entangle in masses of detail, no plan of evasion, equivocation, or vagueness can disguise this fact. I have always believed and I still believe that the best interests of British agriculture can be promoted and will be promoted by the free man on his own land, rather than by the controlled tenant on publicly owned land. In other words, I remain a convinced and sincere individualist.

My declaration of political faith throughout my public career has been based and established upon the principle underlying this statement. In Socialism I see to-day, as I always have seen, the degradation of the individual, the deterioration of the community, and the downfall of the State. The State has definite functions, and a definite relation to society, and to the component parts of the society, whether they be industrial, commercial, or agricultural. There are definite limits, well determined and easily defined, beyond which the application of State control or State intervention can do no good, but rather may achieve tremendous harm. In view of the evolution of the political theory to which parties or political leaders have recently subscribed, I have come to the conclusion that the Conservative Party, under its present direction, is the national anti-Socialist Party.

Looking round on the political and economic horizons, — if both horizons are not the same seen from a different angle, — I find that the problems that confront Great Britain are so diverse and serious that, unless a united effort is made by all people of equal purpose, equal desires, and equal determination, there is a considerable danger that Britain will be unable to maintain her proud position in the world of to-day. There are pressing and portentous problems that brook of no delay. The world has not yet stabilized its financial, economic, or political position after the upheaval of the Great War. It is, therefore, all the more essential that in Europe particularly there should be some great stabilizing force. Traditionally, historically, and actually Great Britain is the one power that can occupy that position. It is true that she has her own peculiar domestic problems, but compared with the disintegration and chaos on the Continent they seem insignificant.

In Great Britain itself the utmost concern is rightly felt about the industrial situation. Industry has been depressed, our export trade has been damaged, our unemployment returns have been abnormal if not appalling. The whole problem comes back to one of cost of production. There is no short cut to reduction in the cost of production. To whatever extent the present industrial situation may be due to war-time experience and social experiments, one fact remains clear, and that is that before British industry can reclaim its pride of position all must get down to basic considerations.

Mr. Baldwin has frequently appealed with great force for the consideration of our industrial problems in a new atmosphere. I am in entire agreement that what is required in industrial

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affairs is the application of a new psychology and consequently the adoption of a new phraseology. For there are items in industry that no accountant can put into a balance sheet, and that can never appear in a profit-and-loss account. Who can tell in pounds, shillings, and pence the value of willing service? I have long been in sympathy with those earnest appeals of Mr. Baldwin, and as far as I have been able I have endeavored to second and support his efforts. I now hope in coöperation to devote my time and energy to the creation of the new atmosphere that is so essential.

The creation of a new atmosphere alone will not produce fruitful results unless it is supported by practical measures and means. The country has confronting it to-day a coming crisis in the coal industry. There is no industry in which the creation of a new atmosphere is more essential to national prosperity. Mr. Baldwin's endeavors in the general field have during the last few days been strengthened in this particular direction by the wise and useful declaration of Lord Londonderry. Lord Londonderry has faced the facts, and thousands throughout the country are following his lead. There is a general desire both within the industry and without, whatever action official bodies from either side may take, or whatever views they may promulgate, to find a solution to the difficulties rather than carry on the controversy. In times of political serenity and industrial prosperity, controversy, dialectics, and debate may be the salt of the earth to many people. But in times of financial stringency, economic restraint, and political confusion that salt loses its savor.

It is because there is useful national work that must be done, it is because I find that the whole force of my political ideals is best represented to-day in the attitude and policy of the Conservative Party, that I have taken the course I have. I come as a recruit eager to cooperate, willing to help, having no ambition more than to be of service to my country. I have shed political allegiance, dissolved political friendships, and invited and received personal rancor and recriminations, because I believe that it is by the coöperation of those who are seeking the same goal, have the same fundamental political principles, and are straining every sinew and nerve toward the achievement of their object, that Britain can be rescued from her present plight. The issue to-day, as it will continue to be in the future, is between those who believe in the free functioning of the individual conscience and individual action by which Britain has achieved her position in the world, and those who believe that a dragooned and driven population in industry or agriculture, obeying the solemn orders of some high priest of Socialism, can achieve in some Utopian empire something better than has been gained in the British Empire. Precedent broadening into precedent is to be preferred to passing from confusion to chaos.

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# A REPLY TO SIR ALFRED MOND[1]

BY W. McG. EAGAR

WHEN Sir Alfred Mond puts forward in the pages of a famous Conservative journal his reasons for disagreeing with the policy now under consideration by the Liberal Party, a welcome opportunity is created for explaining to Conservative readers what that policy really is.

A great policy has to be viewed as a whole. Those who put it forward have seen it built up bit by bit, and they may be pardoned their regret that controversy should first rage round points of minor importance, or often of sheer misunderstanding. Sir Alfred Mond's article illustrates this very clearly. He reiterates some economic premises that are fully recognized in *The Land and the Nation*; he ignores other premises, both economic and political, that must be used in conjunction with them. Moreover, he fails to apply even the premises he accepts. He admits, for example, that the State has certain functions in agriculture, such as the provision of cheap credit, and of a 'reasonable sense of security in the mind of the farmer'; but the kind of credit he envisages is apparently only for the purpose of enabling farmers to buy their land. What agriculture to-day really requires is a system of credit supply analogous to that created for agriculture in other countries. Moreover, in practice he maintains that a reasonable sense of security is to be engendered in the farmer's mind only by an absolute right to do what he will with the land he occupies. He does not even suggest how the State should provide the limited kind of cheap credit he has in mind, and he leaves out of all account the community's right to see that the land is fully used.

All this is not very helpful. It is, at any rate, a virtue in *The Land and the Nation*, that is the 'Green Book,' that it not only sets out, in a form that has not yet been challenged, the functions that the State can and ought to exercise in relation to agriculture, but works out in detail the way in which those functions could be exercised at the present time.

The real answer to Sir Alfred Mond lies in a study of the actual proposals made by the Land Committee. But first the field must be cleared of inaccuracies and misstatements. Sir Alfred Mond says that there is no desire among the agricultural community that the State or local authorities should acquire the agricultural land of the country. He does not say that it has been proved up to the hilt that there is no desire among farmers generally to buy the land they occupy. The percentage of occupying ownership has leaped up since 1917 from about ten to about twenty-five per cent. It is notorious that this increase is due mainly to sitting tenants being compelled to buy their farms at prices out of all relation to their true agricultural value and with results often disastrous to their farming. Sir Alfred Mond's implication is that the growth of occupying ownership is a good thing in itself.

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *January* 23



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Contrast with this view that of Mr. Orwin and Colonel Peel, who frankly regard it as a drift to disaster and put forward a policy that is different in certain respects from that of the 'Green Book' but is based on the same fundamental belief that the State must now reassert its right to the nation's land and its duty of ensuring and forwarding its best cultivation.

Again, Sir Alfred Mond declares that 'agriculture in those countries which are now held up to us as examples of efficiency and prosperity — for instance, Denmark, Belgium, and Prussia — has been established upon the development of freehold tenure.' This statement as regards Belgium is singularly wide of the mark. In 1846 two thirds of Belgian land were cultivated by tenants; in 1866 the proportion of tenancy had risen slightly; in 1885 it was sixty-nine per cent. Something like two thirds are still held in tenancy, and there is no shadow of justification for saying that the tendency is toward freehold.

Nor is Sir Alfred Mond any more fortunate in his reference to Denmark. The history of land-tenure in Denmark is set out at some length in *The Land and the Nation* and in Sir Wilfred Ashley's wholly admirable appendix to the Report of the Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation. What is true is that Denmark has based its agricultural regeneration on a bold and continued reform of land-tenure. Ownership was established by converting small cultivators, who had never ceased to be peasants, into proprietors, and by breaking up the large estates into small holdings. The process was continuous and rapid. But the Danes, to whom agriculture is the very life of the State, were not wedded to any dogmatic belief in ownership as such. They studied results; they considered future necessities. In a word, they allowed their system of land-tenure to evolve. By 1909 they had inserted into the conditions of tenancy certain safeguards of the community's interest. By 1919 they had reached the point that future small holdings, established on land obtained by breaking the entail of the large estates or by taking over the glebe lands, should be held not in absolute freehold but on a form of tenure, which had the substance of ownership without its liability to abuse. This form of tenure does, in fact, provide 'a reasonable sense of security in the mind of the farmer.' The tenant pays a rent. He never purchases the freehold. The State retains the freehold and, with that as security, gives cheap credit to enable the tenant-owner to erect his buildings and improve his land.

Again, Sir Alfred Mond declares that agriculture in our great Dominions has been established upon freehold tenure. The practice of the great Dominions generally is to alienate land only with very definite restrictions on the area held, the improvements effected, and the use made of it within a certain period. The State resumes the land if its conditions are not observed. The principle followed is, in fact, that which underlies the development of land-tenure in Denmark, and which is fundamental to the policy of Cultivating Tenure put forward by the Liberal Land Committee.

The real trouble about Sir Alfred Mond's article is that he does not make clear to his readers that Cultivating Tenure is the nearest approach to freehold ownership of agricultural land that can be permitted if the community's interest in the land is recognized. The policy at its first appearance was, indeed, known as Cultivating Ownership — that is to say, ownership conditional on good cultivation. The change of name to Cultivating Tenure

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was made at the strong instance of a body of which Sir Alfred Mond himself is a member. The contention then was that the sentiment that the land belongs to the people was so strong that the Liberal Party could not countenance even the name of Ownership.

The argument of *The Land and the Nation* is that the fullest use of all our agricultural land can be secured only by giving the man who actually farms the land the greatest security compatible with the State's duty to insist on good cultivation, and that the family farm — that is, the holding farmed by a single family without hired labor — is the unit which, on the one hand, gives the maximum production of food and, on the other, maintains the maximum population on the land. The land of our country is not now producing its maximum of home-grown food, nor its optimum of land-using population. To establish freehold now would make permanent the present uneconomic and antisocial division of Great Britain's fifty-six million acres into four hundred and ninety thousand agricultural holdings held by three hundred and sixty thousand farmers. If English land were divided in anything like the way in which the land is divided in Denmark, Holland, or Belgium, there would be an immensely powerful case for converting landlord-tenancy — supposing it existed — into freehold. But to do so now would mean the permanent exclusion from the land of nine hundred thousand agricultural laborers, the only landless peasantry in Europe. It would mean, also, allowing to pass unchallenged the present destructive theory that low production is the only kind of farming that pays.

The 'Green Book' and its suggested modifications alike recognize that the way in which English land is used now concerns the whole nation. Does anyone really believe that good results, economic, social, or political, will follow from handing over all the agricultural land of the country to three hundred and fifty thousand people, without taking any precautions whatever to see that they use the land well or to provide for the wholly legitimate desire of the land worker to farm land on his own? And does any farmer believe that any proposal to do so is practical politics?

We Liberals who believe heart and soul in the policy put forward assert that there is a better way. Landlordism is breaking down, largely because of its economic unsoundness. Its continuance is against the whole trend of social and political opinion in the country, and for that reason, in our view, it ought to go. But the main fact to be seized on is that it is going, whether we will it or not. What is of vital importance is to prevent its breakdown leading to economic disaster and to the perpetuation in our country districts of widespread bitterness and discontent. To establish in a position of supreme privilege the farmer who says that the country may have as much agriculture as it chooses to pay for, who declares that English land can be farmed profitably only if it is thinly farmed, and who, while rigidly debarring the laborer from access to the land, maintains that farming cannot afford to pay a living wage, is to invite disaster. But that is, in effect, what Sir Alfred Mond proposes.



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# THE FASCISTI IN SOUTH TYROL[1]

BY A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT

As soon as I had taken my seat in the train at Brixen on my way southward I fell into conversation with the gentleman opposite me. He was a friendly Italian, vivacious and entertaining, who, as I soon discovered, was a diplomat on his way home. He was enthusiastic over the way he had been cared for during an illness last year at the fine city hospital in Brixen. A wonderful physician in charge, who had worked miracles for him! As I happened to know Dr. B—— of old, I was naturally interested, and ventured to express my regret that he had recently been forced to surrender his position to an Italian.

'But that goes without saying,' replied the Italian gentleman. 'You surely realize we must have an Italian surgeon in charge of an Italian hospital.'

I was not so easily convinced, for the hospital is the property of the town, and its people are all German-speaking. Furthermore, Dr. B—— had been made an Italian subject by the Peace Treaty. We could not agree on this point, however, even when I told the gentleman how a lady in Brixen had complained to me because her sick boy had been in the hospital several weeks and neither he nor she could make themselves understood to the doctor in charge. Neither of them spoke Italian, and the doctor spoke not a word of German.

My courteous companion became doubly excited over this incident. How could I allow myself to be misled by such fairy tales? Why should Italians speak a foreign language to their own fellow citizens on Italian soil? All the people up to the Brenner Pass had always spoken Italian as well as German.

So we argued without either convincing the other. But the incident was typical of all such conversations. Are we to suppose that educated and rational Italians actually believe such nonsense? If not, why can't they admit what all the word knows — that the people of this region are of pure German stock, and that they have been so since at least 1400 A.D.

Before the Fascisti had seized power many Italians were ready to admit the truth. My attention was called to an article written by General Domenico Guerrini and published only a couple of years ago in the army journal *Esercito e Marina*, in which the author pointed out that the Romans had occupied this district only a short time and without leaving permanent traces of their rule, and that the people and the Government of Tyrol had been German 'at least since the thirteenth century.' Strategical considerations alone had caused Italy to annex the territories up to the Brenner Pass, and the security of this new boundary could be strengthened in no better way than by encouraging the local population to become loyal citizens of Italy. 'If it will make these Germans contented to retain their language,

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *January* 26



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their culture, their German character, and their German traditions, we can and we should permit this, because it will not be to our detriment.'

A stranger visiting this part of the country must guard against the assumption that all the oppression and injustice that he sees are directed exclusively against the Germans. The Germans in South Tyrol know quite well that they and a majority of the Italian people are in the same boat so far as Fascist violence is concerned. The better-educated Tyrolese are careful to impress this on their less liberal-minded and more resentful neighbors, and to hold the Fascist Party and not the Italian nation responsible for what they suffer.

The people of South Tyrol must endure the indirect as well as the direct tyranny of the Fascisti, because tolerant and liberal-minded Italian officials and judges are prevented by their fear of the latter from acting as they would under normal conditions. I was told of many cases where the carabinieri had shown obvious reluctance to enforce arbitrary and oppressive orders dictated by the Fascist authorities.

Italy is living today under a form of government that is probably unknown anywhere else in the world outside of Bolshevist Russia — a government where a political party and the State are identical. The Fascisti bands that were originally merely armed gangs of peace-disturbers have now been incorporated as a recognized body of salaried militia, which regularly usurps the authority of other branches of the Government. If the Fascist leaders take offense because private instruction is still given in German in some village, or for any other reason, a 'maniple' or 'cohort' of Fascisti militia is billeted upon the place.

The Italianization programme is being carried on most energetically in the so-called *Unterland* — that is, in the Eisak Valley between Bolzano and Salorno and in the neighboring mountain-districts. The Fascisti have resorted to all sorts of devices to substantiate the fiction that this is original Italian soil populated by people of true Italian stock. For example, in the township of Neumarkt, now rechristened Egna, on the Eisak, the census of 1921 showed that fifteen per cent of the people regarded themselves as Italian. This naturally included the newly appointed officials, bank employees, and other private and public functionaries who had been brought in since annexation.

That result was not satisfactory to the new authorities down in Trent, particularly since the last Austrian census, taken eleven years before, showed twenty-three per cent of the people to be Italian. So a new enumeration was ordered, to be taken exclusively by Italian enumerators. These returns indicated that thirty-eight per cent were Italians and sixty-two per cent Germans. But that was not enough, so a third enumeration was ordered, where sixty per cent Italians and forty per cent Germans were recorded. A deputation from the town thereupon visited the provincial prefect at Trent to protest against this falsification of the returns. It was promised that the thing would be rectified at once, and finally the official count was given out as showing fifty-four per cent Italians and forty-six per cent Germans.

Anyone who visits this little town — for it is scarcely more than a village — and walks about its streets or enters its shops can see at once with his own eyes that it is an absurdity to imagine that a majority of the people are anything but Germans. To be sure, there are a few Italian families, as there would be in any community

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close to a national frontier. But the statistics are doctored so that instruction in any language but Italian may be forbidden in the public schools.

The Government is also greatly exercised because many Tyrolese have names that were originally Italian, although they regard themselves as Germans and they and their ancestors have spoken only German for centuries. In fact, such people are often the most obstinately *Deutsch* residents of the community. Now the Government at Rome has issued an edict that all names of presumable Italian or Latin derivation shall be written in their 'original form.'

I could fill pages with the unhappy incidents that are occurring in school and among the children. But I shall limit myself in connection with this language question to a personal experience. At the railway station I asked in German for a ticket to Neumarkt, which was promptly given me by a German-speaking Italian clerk, without comment. Right after me came a respectable-looking old lady, evidently a resident of Bolzano, who wanted a ticket to the same place. It was not given to her, however, until she asked for it by the new Italian name, Egna. It was the same everywhere. A stranger will be given information in German even by an Italian, but a native will not.

Another injustice that the natives resent keenly is the Government's action in removing a great many burgomasters, abolishing city councils, and putting towns under the dictatorial authority of an appointed official who, in many cases, cannot speak a word of German. What happened at Brixen last August is typical. Certain Fascisti complained to the Prefect of Trent that the city government was incompetent. A Fascist inspector was sent to Brixen, who naturally endorsed this complaint. A copy of his report was sent to the local City Council for comment. The burgomaster asked the subprefect for police protection at the City Council meeting where the report was to be discussed. 'Certainly,' replied the latter; 'I guarantee you will not be troubled. The Commissioner of Public Security will be present personally.'

The session began. The Commissioner with the reassuring title was there, but at the head of the Fascisti who had packed the gallery. He personally led these disturbers in howling down the meeting and preventing any discussion of the report. Thereupon further sessions of the City Council were suspended by orders from Trent, and a little later that body was abolished by orders from Rome. The Fascisti inspector who made the report was thereupon appointed governor of the city — a position that he still holds!

Such incidents as these occur, to be sure, all over Italy. The exceptional hardship in South Tyrol arises from the fact that the Fascist officials who are thus given arbitrary authority over the municipalities are not only strangers, but cannot even speak the language of the people.

Another measure that is also resented is the suppression of the local German newspapers. Those weeklies and semiweeklies that are still permitted to appear are not allowed to print anything on politics. The only one of these journals still tolerated is the *Meraner Zeitung*, which has almost no circulation outside of the town where it is published.

These are merely a few sidelights upon the Fascisti administration of South Tyrol. I tried to verify on the spot a number of aggravating incidents reported in Germany. In most cases those reports corresponded closely with the facts. They contained some

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inaccuracies, to be sure, but those inaccuracies are not particularly tendential. We must bear in mind that popular rumors are not corrected by the press, because the principal newspapers are censored or have been forced to suspend publication. The feeling of oppression and duress that lies like a weight of lead upon the people likewise favors wild tales and exaggerations. But in the large, the accounts of conditions in Southern Tyrol that we have received in Germany are not exaggerated.

# A YANKEE INSPECTOR IN ARICA[1]

BY J. L. GREENE

SATURDAY morning we arrived at Arica, and my first impression as we pulled into the slightly sheltered harbor was that Arica was the nicest of all the ports we had stopped at coming southward from the Canal Zone. Trees could be seen over the tops of the houses, and there is a small plaza along the water front, these affording a great relief to the eyes after seeing so many miles of dry, barren coast with hardly a sign of vegetation anywhere. We were met by a member of the Commission who had passes for us which would permit us to land, were taken ashore, shown our quarters, and then taken to the office, where our duties were explained and we were put to work immediately.

The case of Chile and Peru had been thrashed out in Washington before the award was made; the statements as to conditions given by Chile and Peru were so extremely opposite that the Arbitrator could only suppose that the true condition lay somewhere between the two extremes, and in order to find just where the true condition was it was necessary to have impartial observers and investigators go all over the provinces, interviewing anyone and everyone that they could find in an effort to get at the truth.

Our party of eight was divided into two sections. Five of us took the special train the afternoon of the day we landed and went to Tacna, the other three remaining in Arica. We found the work difficult in the towns, as so many of the houses, set back inside thick adobe walls, have no doorbells, and no one in sight, and also it was very noticeable that we were being watched, and that the people were afraid to be seen talking to us. In the outlying districts it was a little better; while we were still being followed and the same fear existed, there was less danger of our conversations with the people being overheard, and after gaining their confidence by explaining who we were and why we were there they would come close to us and in whispers tell their stories.

It did n't take long for us to decide that the true condition of affairs was nearer one of the extremes than it

[1] From the *Panama Times* (Canal Zone English-language weekly), *December* 19

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was halfway between the two. I am afraid that Chile badly misrepresented her case in Washington, and I think that any impartial observer would be of the same opinion if he were to spend a month in either Tacna or Arica.

Before there was a railroad in Arica it was a port of entry for a great amount of freight for Bolivia, which was transported on mule-back through Tacna, on up the Caplina Valley, across the Cordilleras and into La Paz, a two or three weeks' trip. Now Arica is the terminal of two railroads, the Arica-Tacna, and the Arica-La Paz International, the latter two hundred and seventy-seven miles in length, four hundred and forty-five miles shorter than the one from Antofagasta, Chile. It is plain to be seen that Arica is quite a little port, and hardly a day goes by that there are not three or four ships to be seen in the harbor.

On the extreme right as you enter the harbor stands the Morro, a huge bluff on which the Peruvians made their last stand against Chile in the War of the Pacific, and off which the commander of the Peruvian troops rode his horse, dashing himself to death on the rocks below rather than be captured. At the foot of the Morro lies a small plaza luxuriant with tropical, semitropical, and temperate plants and trees that bloom all the year. There are pansies, daisies, carnations, pinks, sweet Williams, hibiscus, and geraniums, and a large variety of palms. The geraniums grow to be large bushes, almost trees, and are of many kinds. Joining this plaza, corner to corner, is the main plaza with its palms and firs side by side, its bougainvillea-covered arbors, its fountain and statues.

Facing this plaza is the house that was assigned to us for our quarters when we were in Arica. The house had been painted inside and papered just before we arrived, most of the furniture was new, and the rooms were large and well lighted. We took our meals at Los Baños, right at the foot of El Morro, and perched out over the sea. Los Baños is L-shaped, with dressing-booths for bathers along the side parallel to the coast, and a dining-room jutting out over the water and walled on only one side. The élite of the town gather here Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and evenings to eat, sip their wines, and dance.

I have tried to picture the best side of things for you, and perhaps I should stop at that, but there are millions of little things, not nice, that I want to mention also. I can describe them all with a single word — FLEAS. There are large ones, small ones, black ones, brown ones, lazy ones — no, I'll take that back; they are all very energetic and always on the hop. Along about the middle of one week, three or four days after the sheets on my bed had been changed last, I spent a very restless night. Every now and then I would almost wake up, but never quite enough to get up and find out just what was wrong. In the morning, however, I suspected fleas, and threw the sheets down to investigate. There they were, a whole covey of them. I managed to catch and kill seven of them, and thought I had done pretty well. I sat on the edge of the bed for a minute to glory over my catch and then started to dress. I reached for my socks, picked up one foot, and there on my ankle were three more of the culprits. Two hopped, one died; so I tried the other foot. It also had a couple of black specks on it, and I believe I could have been sitting there yet keeping up a sort of perpetual motion, picking up one foot after the other and chasing off the fleas, had I not thought of a very

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good and practical scheme. I picked 'em both up at once, chased off the fleas, crawled out the other side of the bed, sneaked around, and rolled up the rug, fleas and all, and threw it out in the hall. That afternoon I saw three other rugs out in the hall with mine, and the flea situation in room Number 2 was somewhat relieved.

Our work took us all over the provinces, where we interviewed everyone we could. It was difficult to get to all the people in the towns, and there are many we did not see, but in the outlying districts and in the surrounding country we visited practically every house and little farm. This was made fairly easy by the topography of the country. With the exception of a few valleys through which water flows all the year round, the entire region is desert, so by starting up or down a valley in a zigzag course we could find practically all of the people either in their homes or working in the fields. We had Ford cars to take us to and from the more distant settlements, and, if an automobile could n't make it, a horse or mule could. Of the trips I made, one in particular was by far more interesting than all the others combined. That was the one to Belen.

Belen lies away up in the mountains almost directly east of Arica. Two of us went together, and to get there we proceeded as far as Puquios on the Arica-La Paz railroad, where we landed at half-past one in the morning. While Puquios is only seventy-seven miles from Arica, it is just 12,117 feet higher. Can you imagine a train climbing over 12,000 feet in seventy-seven miles? The first twenty-five miles of track is fairly level, but from there on it can be called straight up. The engine which starts out from Arica pulls the train as far as Central, which is 4512 feet above sea level, and from there to Puquios, thirty-five miles, the train is pushed up to an elevation of 12,117 feet by a specially built rack-and-pinion locomotive. It takes seven hours to make the journey.

We started out on horseback at eight in the morning accompanied by a pack mule, an *arriero*, and a *mozo* — I name them in the order of their usefulness, and, although we were out for ten days, I can't tell you yet the difference between an arriero and a mozo. The only time they required any of our attention was in the morning, when, as a rule, we wanted to get an early start. The earliest start we made was the first one, and I think that was largely due to the fact that both our men had to sleep in an open shed with baled hay for a bed, and only one blanket to keep out the cold air.

The landlord of Puquios's only hotel told us about the narrow trails along precipitous cliffs that we were about to go over. Familiarity breeds contempt. This gentleman had been over these trails many times, and he did n't half tell us about them. Several years ago I walked down the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and, as I remember it in comparison with the trail between Puquios and Putre, surely Fords must have superseded the mules that used to carry the inquisitive tourists down to the Colorado River. We started out heading almost directly toward Mount Tarapaca, 18,870 feet above sea level, and on beyond we caught an occasional glimpse of Mount Payachata with its snow-capped peaks 20,570 feet nearer Heaven. Tarapaca is also graced with a mantle of perpetual snow. Several times we came to steep declines as we wound in and out of gorges through the barren, rocky hills, and each time we thought we had reached the bad place, and concluded that it was n't as bad as it had been pictured to us. At

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length, after riding for three hours, we came to it, and there was n't any mistake this time.

There across the canyon was Putre, where we would stay overnight and the next day. We could see the green fields, and make out the thread-like lines which were adobe fences to keep out the neighbors' llamas and burros, but, holy cats! how were we going to get over there? Here we were, perched on the top of the world, and the darn thing was broken in two. Down below us, just a few thousand feet under my left foot, was an arm of the ocean, the Lluta River, and we had to go down there and wade across if we wanted to get to Putre and find a place to rest and get something to eat. I was getting pretty hungry. A Chilean breakfast consists of a small roll and a cup of black coffee, so I decided I 'd carry on if my companion would follow, and he was only a few feet behind me, carrying his one hundred and eighty-five pounds well on his right stirrup, ready to jump off in case another slice of the earth should fall off into space. Down, down, down, we went. The horses did n't mind it at all, but seemed to enjoy seeing which one could walk closest to the edge of the narrow trail.

Frequently my horse cast longing glances at the opposite side, neglecting my safety with careless disdain; each time I pulled steadily and firmly on the right rein and tried to summon a feeling of security by directing my gaze at the solid cliff on my right. It took us an hour and a half to get from the rim of the canyon to the river, and I thought that the worst of the trip was over. I was mistaken, however, because though we left the main canyon and were now following up that of the Putre River, and at no time was there a straight drop of more than a thousand feet, the trail in many places was steeper and narrower than it was on the opposite side. We reached the village of Putre at four in the afternoon.

One of the first things I noticed when I got off my horse was the absence of fatigue. I can think of no other reason for this than the high altitude, and at no time during the ten days' trip was I really tired. After riding all day I would go to bed and lie there for hours not the least bit sleepy. Some of you may wonder why I went to bed when I was n't sleepy, and some will answer, 'Because there was n't anything else to do.' The true reason was that I had six blankets in my sleeping-bag, and right down among them was the only comfortable place in the village. While Putre is not quite as high as Puquios, where we reached the highest elevation of our trip, it is still close to twelve thousand feet, and right at the foot of the snow on Mount Tarapaca.

We were met by all of the Chilean officials of the town, and literally given the key to the city. We spent all of the following day using the key, and the next day set out for Socoroma, a little Indian village about fifteen miles away. It was hard enough work trying to teach the natives good Spanish, but when we ran into the Aymara Indians we had a job cut out for us. A few of them, usually those who had served a year in the Chilean Army, could speak some Spanish, and we directed our energy on them. At each of the villages, no matter how small, there is always a Chilean *subdelegado*, and a commissioned or noncommissioned *carabinero*, and their hospitality toward us was second to none. Word had been sent long ahead of us that we were coming, and, while it was a great help to our comfort, it did n't help our investigations. I'd like to drop into one of those villages, unseen and out

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of a clear sky, just to see if those Indians don't mix a little more Spanish with their Aymara.

We arrived in Socoroma about noon, and stayed there until the following morning. During the night I was suddenly wakened, and I wondered why in the devil they were moving the mountains somewhere else. This seemed to be the best place I had ever seen for such barren, rocky masses, but someone was surely moving them, and whoever it was was n't very careful with them either. My cot nearly jumped out from under me, and I thought that the walls of the house I was in would surely crumble and fall any minute. It was only an earthquake. Down in Arica we did n't pay much attention to them; they were so many and so slight that after the first few nights we could sleep right through them. But up here with all these steep mountains with huge rocks perched perilously on the edges of high cliffs it's the most reckless thing I ever heard of to let them run around loose. Suppose old Tarapaca had fallen into the canyon, the whole Lluta Valley would dry up and blow away, and there would n't be any water for irrigating for the next thousand years; and besides, I wanted to get some pictures of those trails on my return trip.

This was by far the most severe earthquake I had ever experienced, and I should n't have been greatly surprised if, when I returned to Arica, the O'Higgins, the Ucayali, and the Rochester had all been lying alongside the boilers of the old U. S. S. Wateree that was washed up half a mile from the present waterline by the big tidal wave in 1868. The Wateree was a side-wheeler, and I believe the first U. S. battleship to go around the Horn. There's nothing left of her now but the boilers. The wood from her hull must have been a gift from the gods to whoever found her high and dry on the desert.

At daybreak we discovered that the quake had n't changed the landscape, so after having our bread and coffee we set out for Belen. We were told that this trail was the roughest of all those that we were to travel over, and I agree. There were n't many long, steep stretches or dangerous cliffs, but it certainly was rough and rocky. Those horses won my admiration by the way they scrambled along, hesitating now and then to pick a place to get a foothold. There were places where I did n't think the horses could make it, just little niches here and there over solid rock, and often not even that, but the sure-footed horses, urged now and then by our spurs, took us through.

We reached Belen after being on the trail nearly seven hours, and just in time for afternoon tea. Afternoon tea sounds out of place, but it is just as much a part of the day as breakfast, dinner, and supper. In addition to the officials, there was a padre on the reception committee, and I guess he was the chairman, because we spread our cots in his dining-room, and took our meals with him. We got to Belen right in the midst of a *Chapianqui*, the spring festival which is held after the crops are all planted. We watched the villagers dance their native dances, and sipped of their wine. The whole population of the village turned out and gathered in the town square. It 's no wonder that they dance the way they do; enough of that wine would make the Statue of Liberty do a shimmy. The big event for the following day was the *Guatias*, a sort of barbecue. Two holes were dug in the ground and lined with hot rocks. Four or five sheep were thrown into one of them, and bushels of potatoes in the other. They

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were covered with more rocks and dirt and left to cook.

The class distinction that was shown at the banquet which followed was interesting. A long table was placed in the square, half of it covered with a cloth. The upper class, in which we were included, was seated at the end that was covered, the middle class sat at the other end and ate on the bare table, while the four million took theirs from a long strip of canvas spread on the ground. The upper class was the only one that had knives and forks, but these were n't really necessary, as the meal consisted of nothing but roast mutton and baked potatoes, and the sand that stuck to the meat would wear the plate off solid silver. Dancing followed the feast, and continued into the wee sma' hours, long after the two of us had found refuge from the cold in our blankets.

Belen was the end of our journey. The return trip was made over practically the same trails, with the same stops, and we got back to Puquios in time to get several hours' sleep before we caught the train, at half-past three in the morning, that carried us back to Arica.

The sights on the trip down out of the mountains by train were well worth keeping awake to see. It was quite light at five, and at six-thirty the sun was out as bright as it is at home on a clear day.

Below us was a veritable sea of clouds, while on all sides as far as we could see was another ocean, one of rock and ragged peaks.

We were up high above the clouds, which stretched out below us like an ocean of snow. At seven o'clock we got down into the clouds and, before we reached Arica, saw morning dawn for the second time that day. Two members of our party met us at the train, two of the original eight were out in the bay on the steamer that was to take them back home, and the other two were up at Tacna.

# BRITAIN AND AMERICA[1]

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO COUSINLY RELATIONS

[We print below two articles from the *Spectator*, which is the most active advocate of Anglo-American coöperation among the great British weeklies, dealing with the relations of the two countries. The first is unsigned; the second is by a contributor who adopts the nom de plume 'Lancastrian.']

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *January* 30

National antipathies are curious things. The affection of yesterday may in a few years turn to hate. The question of how national prejudices are formed and subsequently develop is outside the scope of this article, which is devoted to British-American relations.

Let us then confine ourselves to the change that has taken place in British

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feeling toward America in the past twenty years.

After the American Civil War and until 1914, apart from special occasions such as the Venezuela crisis, the feeling of the average Englishman toward America was friendly, much more friendly than the feeling of the average American and of America toward Great Britain. Till recently the sport of 'twisting the Lion's tail' was indulged in by every Fourth of July orator in America.

There were various causes for this state of things, and they have been dealt with by many American writers, including Mr. Owen Wister in *The Ancient Grudge*. Among them were the teaching of American school text-books and the Revolutionary tradition handed down from father to son, the attitude of the British governing classes to the North in the Civil War, — an attitude not adopted by the *Spectator*, — and the Irish question. In the last twenty years a great change has taken place in American feeling. There are still many Americans who are so immersed in their own concerns that they have little time for external matters, but thinking America is undoubtedly much more friendly to us than it was twenty years ago.

Let us turn to the British attitude toward America. Among those who are not personally acquainted with America it is generally critical. America may be respected or feared to-day, but she was never less popular. An inversion has taken place in the relations of the two peoples: yesterday it was the American who withheld his friendship; to-day it is the Englishman who is beginning to do so. What are the reasons for this anti-American complex? Some of them are as follows: the average Englishman has never fully understood the difficulties of America in coming into the war; nor America's attitude toward debt-repayment; nor America's prosperity while Great Britain has been suffering from unemployment and other ills; nor Prohibition, which has been a good deal misrepresented by the British press. Other causes are our loss of the undisputed commercial leadership of the world, the predominance of the American film, and the natural feelings of a debtor toward his creditor.

Recently Mr. Hoover, the American Secretary of Commerce, attacked the control by foreign governments of raw materials, as for instance in the Stevenson Scheme which was adopted when the rubber industry was *in extremis* three years ago; and he deplored the fact that the United States had to pay more for her rubber supplies. Mr. Hoover's remarks failed to arouse his countrymen, however, because, for the most part, they felt that America had no more grievance than Great Britain had had on former occasions, when the prices of American tobacco, wheat, and cotton were raised.

This episode, so full of friction-making possibilities, has had no effect on British-American relations, but we may learn a lesson from it. America is the greatest purchaser of raw materials in the world, and year by year as her population grows her powers of consumption increase. The British Empire within its vast undeveloped territories can produce practically all the raw materials she requires. The British Empire requires large sums of money for development. It is therefore obviously to our advantage that American capital should help to develop our latent resources instead of being diverted to our rivals.

There is no doubt that on a long view Anglo-American economic coöperation is to the benefit of both sides. Yet, just because a certain number of Englishmen have an anti-American

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complex, is this a reason for saying to America, 'We propose to bang, bolt, and bar the door' as far as American commercial coöperation in developing the British Empire is concerned? Are 'Ourselves alone' and 'No American need apply' to be our mottoes? Fortunately the Dominions will not wait on the pleasure of Lombard Street. There is already much American money in the British Empire. It has flowed freely into Canada; Australia has raised a loan in Wall Street. All we mean is that in the interests of both nations the process ought to be accelerated, not checked. American money would be better applied in the British Empire than in Brazil, or the Argentine, or Liberia.

In recent years the axle tree of our diplomacy has been coöperation with the United States. Our statesmen have recognized that without British-American friendship the outlook for the world would be a dark one. The lessons of the Washington Naval Conference should not be lost upon us; they showed us what the British and American Commonwealths, acting in unison, could achieve. In recent years a great expansion in British-American commerce has taken place, and, unless some unforeseen catastrophe occurs, its growth during the next fifty years will be stupendous, for the two greatest trading nations must inevitably do more and more business together. If, then, American capitalists are willing to invest their money in Great or Greater Britain, let us welcome them, for their dollars will provide more employment and an improved standard of living for our people.

To sum up. Englishmen who have personal acquaintance with America do *not* hate America; they come back from their visits enthusiastic for the cause of English-speaking coöperation. Unfortunately the majority of our people can never visit America. To them we would say, 'Let us forget our grievances, fancied or real, and let us explore the possibilities of British-American coöperation in every field. The more business we do together the better we shall get to know each other, the more prosperous we shall both become, and the sooner will come the day when all the mists of misunderstanding between the subjects of King Shakespeare, to borrow Carlyle's phrase, will be dispelled.'

A LITTLE cement binds a lot of sand. Possibly the experiences of an English company in distributing its specialty in the United States of America may afford some solid answers to the queries of a 'well-known and very able American' as set forth in the *Spectator* of January 16.

The American correspondent wrote: —

> I have made about sixty-two passages across the North Atlantic, and I have traveled with scores of Americans who were on their way to England to sell something made in America. I cannot remember more than two or three Englishmen whom I have met who were on their way to America to sell something made in England. This I do not in the least understand. It would be interesting to get some statistics of the number of Americans who go to England for trade, and the number of Englishmen who come to America for trade.

The answers are these: —

1. The average British manufacturer and the average British manufacturing company have no surplus cash or reserves of capital to draw upon for expensive selling-trips to the United States, which must be prolonged in order to obtain results. They are handicapped by the high costs of raw materials, of labor, of power; many

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of them are crushed by taxation and are defeated by the high import duties on their British specialties. British firms cannot obtain loans or advances from our great British banks for such pioneer efforts or commercial adventures, unless they are prepared and in a position to deposit liquid securities against such advances. No joint stock bank in this country would finance such efforts. The American trader can and does obtain banking-support for bold and adventurous commercial propaganda. Owing to present trade-conditions many English firms have already pledged their liquid securities at their banks, or mortgaged their works to their banks. In such circumstances there is nowhere to go for that new money which is the seed of commercial adventure, unless the firm is a public company with established and retrospective profits over a period of years, upon which a public printed balance-sheet can call successfully for new capital. Mere traveling in countries abroad is no use, unless it is followed up by constant advertising in those countries. Therefore outside of huge British business organizations — manufacturers of motor-cars, or soap, or similar commodities in great demand — the British manufacturer, whatever his dreams or desires may be, is hamstrung in regard to business opportunities abroad, and is nailed to the counter of his weekly pay-day and to the meeting of the demands by way of interest on loans, or reasonable dividends on capital already absorbed.

2. The right traveler or salesman for a country abroad is, or should be, a native of that country. He not only knows how to talk to the wholesale houses of his country, but he knows the temperament of his retail dealers, he knows their buying-spirit, and what attracts his race. The ordinary British traveler is no linguist, he is insular, and he is a stranger in a strange land. To-day such a British traveler, with his expenses, entails practically a loss in almost every country in Europe, unless his company or firm has an established house or agency in the country in which he travels. In regard to the United States, the language has not been a serious difficulty to the British traveler, but to-day the colloquial language of the United States is changing so rapidly and taking on so many orthographical idiosyncrasies that he is becoming bewildered by what in many parts of those States is now common vernacular. Moreover, the American citizen is, on the average, much brighter and better equipped with 'talking-points' than an Englishman. He knows the sort of 'punch' which goes down with his customers. The British traveler largely confines himself, when he arrives, to the wholesale distributors and the large stores on the Eastern American seaboard. There is also a greater mass of population in the United States from which to select brilliant and successful salesmen. Such salesmen are born and rarely can be made. In England, at the moment, it is one of the most difficult of industrial problems to find bright and convincing travelers. If the English manufacturer had the means for providing the capital required for these world commercial adventures, he would most likely fail in his attempts to find the right men. The American traveler is the right traveler for British goods in the United States.

I come to the individual experience of the company of which I am managing director, and, after briefly detailing that, I will venture upon two suggestions. My English company specializes in a domestic article of universal use. It is a patented article for which a full United States patent was granted. Eighteen months ago we were doing

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absolutely nothing with it in the United States, though it is a domestic article that is used in practically every home. One of the largest distributing houses in New York saw the article, was taken with it, and approached us with a view to its sale in the United States. Before that we had endeavored by correspondence to interest American buyers, but with little or no result. Instead of making the New York house, which approached us, agents in the United States for our specialty, we reversed the positions and made that New York house the sole distributors for the United States on a basis whereby they provided the travelers and advertisement propaganda and we received a profit payment per unit of an equivalent to twenty-five per cent all round on the manufacturing-costs to us. The policy of making the New York house the owners, subject to a royalty to this English company, worked well, and within a few months, as a result of its salesmen and its advertisements, our specialty was being dispatched at the rate of over one thousand units per month.

The views of the New York house are expressed as follows: —

> The American public, which is always ready to adopt a practical labor-saving device, — especially along the lines of household utility, — is absolutely 'sold' on the . . . [I here leave out the name of our specialty to avoid self-advertisement]. We have never, in all our experience, had customers become so enthusiastic over a piece of merchandise.

Two suggestions: —

1. Why should not a group of American capitalists start a sort of clearing house in England for the consideration and distribution in their country of British goods or of new commercial products originated in our country? There are good things in Great Britain worth broadcasting in the New World.

2. Cannot our great British banks, with their declared dividends of eighteen and twenty per cent, their net profits running into many millions sterling, and their huge reserves and carry-forwards, set apart some form of commercial tithe or percentage, out of those net profits, as a generous acknowledgment of banking-benefits enjoyed, to be devoted expressly to the support of firms whose specialties would, on independent examination, justify that financial thrust that British goods require throughout the world by way of travelers and advertisement? British banks were founded on, and have grown up on, British trade. What are they going to do to help British trade to broadcast its goods, for the recovery of old markets or the creation of new?

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# MOSCOW'S REAL FOREIGN POLICY[1]

BY NICHOLAS BASSESCHES

DISTRUST is the outstanding feature of Soviet foreign policy. The press here dwells constantly upon the common political and economic interests of Russia and Germany that will be imperiled by the latter's joining the League of Nations. Any reference to the benefits Germany will derive from coöperation with other Western Powers is sedulously avoided; every effort is made to prove that nothing fruitful can come out of Locarno. In fact the Soviet newspapers have rung the changes upon the hostile significance of the Locarno pact for Russia, and the Machiavellian intrigues behind Germany's joining the League, until the people here have come to believe that the Conference was a serious diplomatic blow to the Bolsheviki.

No sooner was the Locarno pact signed than it began to be whispered everywhere in Western Europe that Russia's entrance into the League of Nations would constitute a long step forward toward permanent peace; whereupon the newspapers and the official spokesmen of that country hastened to repudiate such a suggestion. They declared that coöperation with the League would be impossible for an honest Communist State. The League, for example, supported a colonial policy incompatible with the political programme of the Moscow authorities.

Nevertheless, high Bolshevist officials have intimated that the Soviet Union 'is ready to send observers to Geneva.' Although they cannot commit themselves to membership in the League, they admit that it plays an important part in the world, or at least in Europe. An observer would keep Moscow informed of what was happening at League headquarters, and might sometimes be able to influence decisions there. At the same time the Soviet Union would thus retain a free hand to step in decisively when occasion demanded to make its influence felt directly upon Europe's political evolution. Whether or not the rest of the continent will assent to such an arrangement is not discussed.

Rather oddly, one of the most significant results of the Locarno settlement has been overlooked by the people at Moscow, although they ought to be the first to see it. For this agreement makes it possible to put the relations of the Soviet Government with the rest of the world on a stable footing. The first step toward this would be to establish a *modus vivendi* between the British Empire and the Soviet Union; the second, to do the same in respect to France. Up to the present Russia's geographical situation, and to some extent her political organization, have made her the stronger party in such negotiations, notwithstanding her military and economic weakness. England, faced by a discordant Europe and by the immensely overestimated influence of Russia in Asia, feared to make any concession to Moscow, lest she endanger the integrity of her Empire. But now the situation is completely changed.

[1] From the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December* 14, *January* 3



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With Europe stabilized and immediate dangers from that source banished, the great Western Powers can afford to make Moscow some concessions.

All negotiations between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers have come to grief over the debt question. The masters of Moscow steadfastly refuse to recognize Russia's pre-Revolutionary obligations; but her creditors demand that recognition with equal insistence before they make new loans to her — in fact before they resume normal political and economic intercourse of any kind with her. Both parties stand out for their particular definitions of private property — but here they are merely fighting over theories. Private property is not abolished in Russia, while in many parts of Western Europe government debts have been in large measure repudiated. To say nothing of the defeated countries and the new States that have expropriated the private property of their citizens by inflation, France is a conspicuous sinner in this respect. A Russian economist has just pointed out that France's interest charge upon her pre-war debt has been reduced to about one fifth its original amount simply by the depreciation of the franc, and that, since the Paris Bourse quotes Government rents at only forty-six per cent of their nominal value, holders of such obligations have actually had nine tenths of their capital expropriated.

Russia's repudiated obligations, including compensation for the alien property she confiscated, amount to nearly fourteen billion rubles. Interest upon this sum would be in the neighborhood of six hundred and forty million rubles. In order to pay this sum and the carrying-charges of the new loans that Russia would have to contract in order to put herself in condition to meet these obligations, the Government would be forced to raise about six and a half rubles annually from every one of its inhabitants. Including direct and indirect taxes, the amount now raised is about four rubles. Of course it is clearly impossible to increase that burden by more than a hundred and fifty per cent without starting a peasant revolution. How alert the peasants are to this fiscal danger was apparent at the debates in the Central Executive Committee when the ratification of a treaty with Great Britain was under discussion. These delegates, in alarm lest this treaty involve commitments regarding that debt, suddenly formed themselves into a real Opposition, for the first time since the Communists have been in power.

It would be equally impossible for Russia to meet her foreign obligations out of the proceeds of her public industries. Last year the total revenue from these was only a little over one hundred million rubles. Even the most miraculous expansion would not make them yield the eight hundred and eighty million rubles annually that economists estimate would be required to carry the total debt burden, to say nothing of providing the additional capital required for their own future development. As for the railways and the postal service, though there is no present deficit, they earn no profit.

We are forced to conclude, therefore, that the Soviet authorities know what they are about when they limit their debt offers to promises of remunerative industrial and agricultural concessions, the extra profit from which, above a normal interest on the loans required to exploit them, may provide some compensation for their creditors.

It is a mistake to oppose New Russia merely because we insist on identifying that country with Communism. It is a mistake on the part of the Bolsheviki to imagine that the whole world is going ultimately to follow Russia's

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Communist footsteps. Russia's aggressive propaganda of Communism will gradually cease. Indeed, it receives its principal encouragement to-day from its enemies. In fact, that has been true from the first. When the Kerenskii Government was fighting the Bolsheviki in 1917, the latter had relatively few resources for propaganda. The denunciations of their enemies are what taught their doctrine to the masses.

It would be better also to drop the agitation against the Cheka. Of course that is an institution quite intolerable from our Western European point of view, but it is obviously evolving from the wild, bloody, romantic inquisition of the revolutionary period into a rather dull, bureaucratic body that is little by little losing its power and influence.

Last of all, the dreadful Communist International is by no means as intimidating as people in Western Europe imagine. Studied at first hand in Moscow it loses many of its terrors. Naturally, its leaders are only too delighted to have everything that happens anywhere in the world ascribed to their activity. The independence movement among the Mohammedans, the Chinese Revolution, the struggle for Indian emancipation, all antedate Bolshevism and the Communist International, and are following their own logical evolution with which Communist theories have exceedingly little to do.

To be sure, the Soviet Union and Germany are the only two important European Powers that are at all popular with the Mohammedans and the colored races in general, but that is because the latter fear nothing from those Governments. Alarmist agitators against the Communist International commit the cardinal error of representing that organization as greater and more powerful than it really is. They persuade insurgent elements everywhere that this International must be a powerful ally whose friendship and help should be sedulously sought.

Now another little fairy tale — that of Russia's rolling rubles with which the secret agents of the Third International are supposed to finance trouble all over the globe. The diversion of money from the Russian treasury for Communist agitation in other parts of the world is quite impossible. The authorities would never dare to expose themselves to the charge that they were spending the taxes the peasants pay for such schemes as that.

But the Communist Party itself has large independent revenues. Not only do its six hundred thousand enrolled members pay regular contributions into its treasury, but its constitution fixes a so-called 'Party maximum.' All that a Communist earns in excess of a hundred and ninety-two rubles a month he must pay into the Party treasury. Under this regulation many of the higher officials in Russia turn over to the Party from one half to two thirds of their salaries. This does not, of course, include gratifications and other outside income. But the sum is a very large one, and a considerable portion of it eventually goes into the coffers of the Communist International.

Now no diplomacy can deal with this. Technically the Soviet Government has no connection with the Communist International. Great care is taken even to prevent any person from simultaneously holding a responsible office in the Government and in that organization. Zinoviev, as we all know, is not a member of the Soviet Government, but is only the elected mayor of Leningrad.

So it is quite beside the mark to assume that you can suppress Communist propaganda through the Soviet Government. We must accustom ourselves to separating the two bodies in dealing with Moscow.



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Leading officials whom I have interviewed here thus describe their Government's foreign policy. Mohammedan Africa and Asia form four distinct political groups. All these groups are struggling to emancipate themselves politically and economically from Europe, and in a lesser degree from America. One of them, the Japanese Empire, has already accomplished this within its own territories, and is now intent on pushing Europe out of Continental Asia and establishing its own economic supremacy there. The second group consists of Europe's colonial dependencies in Asia, which do not yet know just what they want or how to get it. The third group, China, is advancing rapidly toward political self-consciousness and will soon be able to throw off completely foreign economic and political domination. Still further advanced in this respect are the Mohammedan countries. They present substantially the same picture from Morocco, through Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, Turkey, and Persia, to Afghanistan. Their historical development is simple and logical. Beginning with the Young Turk movement and similar agitations in other Mohammedan countries, it manifested itself first as Pan-Islamism — that is, as a Mohammedan imperialism. But it has now reached the stage of Mohammedan nationalism, whose champions are fighting for the independence and autonomy of their respective countries. This involves the renunciation of political imperialism by Turkey and of cultural imperialism by the Arabs.

Quite remarkably, nationalism in Asia differs radically from that in Europe and America, because it does not look back toward the constitution of the forefathers and the glorious traditions of the past; neither does it emphasize national culture or national religion. Instead of that it is distinctly anticlerical, and seeks to adopt European civilization. This movement is personified in the Mohammedan world by four great leaders — Abd-el-Krim, Kemal Pasha, Riza Khan, and Ammanulla Khan in Afghanistan. All these men, and their people behind them, are marching along the same route toward the same goal. We see this most distinctly in Turkey, and least distinctly, on account of local conditions, in Morocco.

Everyone knows that Moscow has devoted her chief attention to the Orient and Asia ever since the Bolsheviki seized power. We also know that Moscow imagines that the capitalist régime in Europe and America will be overthrown by a movement starting in Asia and Africa. According to this theory, the great industrial States will first lose their colonies and, being deprived of markets in these dependencies, will be unable to find employment for their workers. The latter in their distress will thereupon revolt and overthrow their capitalist governments.

But the Moscow theorists regard this as still a long way off; because they think the peoples of Africa and Asia are still in the feudal age, and that it will take a long time for them to acquire the modern Socialist conception of society. For the present, therefore, Asia is looked upon rather as an economic ally.

Let me repeat, the Soviet Government's influence in Asia, and likewise its designs there, are tremendously exaggerated. Not all the revolutionary agitation in the Far East is welcome to Moscow, for the Union of Soviet Republics has many Oriental and Asiatic nations under its own sway. The Soviet authorities are outspoken enemies of Pan-Islamism, not only because they are anticlerical and Pan-Islanism is clerical, but because Moscow regards that movement as an imperialist agita-

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tion threatening the integrity of its own realm. But all revolutionary agitation against European Governments makes capital for the Soviets.

Moscow does not start these agitations. They began, as I have said, before the World War, and nothing has done more to strengthen them than the war propaganda of the Entente itself. Consider only how England encouraged the Arabs from Irak to Syria to rise in a national revolt against the Turks, and how this movement has reacted upon Egypt and Morocco! Moreover, the Soviet Government has been very clever in granting its own Oriental subjects a large measure of cultural and national autonomy, and thus starting an agitation for similar rights in the countries beyond its own borders.

Moscow maintains no direct relations with North Africa. It did keep a representative in Hejaz for a time, but this connection has virtually ceased since the change of rulers there.

But much closer ties have been established with Angora, and recent developments in Persia have not been unwelcome to the Soviet leaders. The latter have handled Russia's case in that country very skillfully. Their renunciation of all special privileges in Persia was a shrewd move amply repaid in the good hard coin of political favor. For those privileges were of little practical value to the Soviet Government. Economic concessions meant nothing to a country that needed all its capital at home. The Moscow papers welcomed the overthrow of the old dynasty, and, though they were inclined to protest against Riza Khan's assuming the title of Shah, they recognize the practical exigencies that made him do this. Riza Khan has been fighting the reactionary feudal nobles in Persia with the help of the merchant classes and the intelligentsia. The common people have thrown their favor first to one Party and then to the other. To set up a republic that the ignorant masses would not understand would merely make capital for the clergy. Consequently it is prudent to preserve the ancient forms of government in Persia; and in any case the new ruler will have to make some compromise with the nobles. But the change of dynasty is a victory of the young Persian movement that the Soviet authorities are backing.

Relations with Afghanistan are friendly. Moscow diplomacy has succeeded in banishing to a great extent the former distrust with which Russia's designs in Central Asia were regarded in that country, and that distrust is now transferred to England.

But the cardinal point of Soviet policy in Asia lies in China. There too a powerful national movement has arisen, and Moscow interests lie in promoting it. General Feng Yu-hsiang's Chief of Staff has spent several weeks in Moscow, and, though nothing is known of any formal agreement between Russia and the former Kalgan commander, their informal relations are frankly friendly. For some time now Moscow has based no hopes on Chang Tso-lin. All the Soviet Union proposes to do with Eastern Asia for the present is to give its moral support to a united and independent China, and perhaps to cultivate good relations likewise with Japan.

Soviet newspapers take great pains to emphasize that their Government has no designs hostile to Japan in Manchuria. They advocate the coöperation of Japan, China, and Russia in Asia, and are careful to make it clear between the lines that Russian influence in China is not antagonistic to Japan's interests. A number of public demonstrations have been held in Moscow to show how friendly Russia is to that country. The enthusiastic welcomes given to the Japanese aviators and to

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the Japanese railway delegation, the special honors shown the Japanese Ambassador, the numerous banquets that celebrated the signing of the Sakhalin agreement, are signs of the sedulous effort that the Soviet Government is making to cultivate the friendship of its Far Eastern neighbor. In Japan itself there are two opinions on this subject. The Foreign Office is exceedingly anxious to maintain close and friendly relations with Russia and to keep out of complications in China; but the Japanese military party wants intervention in China and will back up Chang Tso-lin. Officially, the Foreign Office has the upper hand, and Moscow is supporting its programme with the utmost energy and discretion.

Does Russia look forward to using Asia as an ally against Europe? It is an exaggeration to talk about Russia's organizing an anti-European movement covering all Asia. People forget, for example, that the national movement in China has made a long march forward since the Boxer outbreak. There is nothing negative in the Asiatic movement from Angora to Peking; it is not anti-European, but is pro-European in its eagerness to adopt European science and civilization. It is a forward-looking agitation. Personally I think that Moscow is utterly wrong in imagining that the emancipation of Asia will spell the collapse of capitalism in Europe and America. It is quite as likely that the economic uplift that may follow that event will raise the standard of living of the native population and multiply its demand for European wares. If the four hundred million people of China, for example, manage eventually to organize a stable government and to develop the resources of the country along modern lines, China will afford an enormously larger market for Western products than she does at present.

Moreover, Soviet Russia and Asia are not attracted to each other by the similarity of their social and economic theories, but by the identity of their political interests. Communist doctrines can never gain much of a foothold in the latter continent. Moscow has efficient propaganda-universities for students from the Far East, but the number who attend them from outside Russia's boundaries is steadily diminishing. These institutions are rapidly becoming universities for the Asiatic peoples in the Soviet Union. When a foreign graduate goes back to his own country he generally proves a disappointment to his teachers. He quickly picks up the ideas of his fellow countrymen. When the Hindu propagandist returns to India after receiving his degree he soon acquires the religious patina of the native mind and discards many of the doctrines he has been so carefully taught at Moscow. When a Chinese graduate goes back to his country he quickly drops Communism and joins the bourgeois national movement.

Last of all, Russia is not destined, as so many imagine, to become a Eurasia. The great potent forces here in Moscow are drawing the country irresistibly to Western Europe. It is from that direction that the nation's real cultural demands and technical necessities must be supplied. One of the chief tasks of European policy should be to break down the sentiment of isolation that still survives in the Soviet Union. The present Government cannot possibly join the League of Nations. It is too distrustful of its Western neighbors. But this does not preclude closer diplomatic intercourse.

An irrepressible conflict between Asia and Europe is a myth. The identification of Russia with Asia is likewise a myth. But the Soviet Government is filled to overflowing with suspicion. It

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imagines that dangers threaten it from every side. It distrusts Locarno, it distrusts Geneva. Therefore it turns to Asia for support. Wise statesmanship in Western Europe may change this attitude. But if anything should happen to throw the Soviet Union into the arms of Asia, if an Asiatic Locarno should emerge from the present confusion to balance the European Locarno, then we may have cause for serious concern.

# THE NEW PALESTINE[1]

## BY A FRIENDLY VISITOR

A VISITOR who rambles through the picturesque streets and bazaars and beneath the shining city walls of Jerusalem with an intelligent resident may have his pleasure in the romantic beauty of her churches, synagogues, and mosques dampened by too many historical associations. Beginning with stones from the Solomon's Temple built in the wall, the guide will point out survivals of the successive strata that three great religions have deposited here. Jerusalem's handsomest building is the Mosque of Omar, whose massive dome rises over the ancient site of the Temple and rests upon ruins left there in turn by the Romans, the Greeks, the Turks, and the Crusaders. This mosque was begun in the ninth century, but was not completed until the sixteenth century, when Suleiman the Magnificent gave it its present form and bright-tile decorations. And all over Palestine the superimposed ruins of successive civilizations bid the visitor's mind dwell constantly upon the past. Moreover, the life and customs of the people carry him back to ancient times. The Palestine Bedouins, living in goat's-hair tents supported by papyrus-stalks, and migrating from place to place with their herds and families, cross the scene like characters from early Hebrew history. They live as Abraham and Jacob lived, except for their coffee and cigarettes.

To-day one more stratum is being deposited over the superincumbent layers of this ancient formation, and we must confess that it is a stratum that cannot compare in romantic charm with those of older times. No modern settlement, even Beth Hakeren, the new model suburb of Jerusalem, pleases the European eye as do old Jerusalem and the Arab towns that look like stage settings out of *Thousand and One Nights*. The modern factories around Haifa and Jaffa do not harmonize with the landscape as do the domes of the Mohammedan-prophet tombs we pass by the wayside. The ruins of Crusader castles glowering over the blue Mediterranean are more picturesque than the salt works just below them. The tidy, thrifty Jewish agricultural settlements of the plains are less attractive to the novelty-seeking eye than the old Arab villages clinging to the foothills. And camel caravans interest the stranger more than do the automobiles that dash

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *January* 14, 16, 30

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through the country in a cloud of dust.

Nevertheless the real interest of a journey to Palestine to-day lies neither in the beauty of her scenery nor in her exotic romance and historical charm, but in the new experiment that is being conducted there. Its aspects may not be as pleasing to the eye, but they are more arresting to the mind. A scientist seeking a field for sociological research can scarcely find elsewhere such a wealth of dynamic phenomena as here.

Palestine is mostly a sterile country, but it is fertile in problems. Since the World War nearly one hundred thousand Jews have settled here, about tripling the original number of that faith, and adding from twelve to fifteen per cent to the total population. This inflow continues steadily at the rate of three or four thousand a month. Such a flood of new arrivals naturally means an economic revolution. But the peculiar feature of this immigration is that people refuse to see its economic aspects because its primary motive is of quite a different order.

Physically Palestine is a sparsely settled land predominantly occupied by Arabs. Since the right of the Arabs to remain there on an equal status with the rest of the population has never been questioned, the possibility of settling a large number of Jews in the country depends upon increasing production so as to furnish occupation and support for the newcomers. No rational Zionist sees Palestine's future in any other light than that of peaceful cooperation between Jews and Arabs. Although this is universally assumed, relations between the two peoples remain as unsettled as ever. It is quite natural that the Arabs of Palestine should dislike to see a great influx of foreigners. They are divided into factions, evincing a greater or less degree of dislike for the Jews, but they are unanimous in opposing the Balfour Declaration. No matter how much money Arab landowners may make by selling real estate and produce to the Jewish settlers, no matter how much benefit the country may derive from the enterprise and the higher standard of living brought in by the Jews, the sentimental objection to them remains. Added to this is religious hostility, which is possibly stronger among the Christian Arabs than among the Mohammedans.

All sensible Jews know that the Arabs, and particularly those of the educated and upper classes, are unfriendly. They know that it will take a long time to remove this hostility. They know, however, that as the Jewish population grows larger and its numbers approach those of the Arabs this friction will grow less. For then the Arabs will give up the idea of driving the Jews out entirely, and will reconcile themselves perforce to some *modus vivendi*.

Undoubtedly many Zionists resent England's policy of holding the scales evenly between Jews and Arabs, instead of favoring the former. Jewish complaints over the allotment of public land and of educational appropriations, where they have received less per capita than the Arabs, may have some justification. But upon the whole the English Government has given the Zionists in Palestine the chance they wanted. It is maintaining peace, building roads, and administering justice fairly and impartially. But England will certainly not underwrite Zionism. Whether Jewish aspirations are realized or not depends entirely on the Jews themselves.

The most hopeful aspect of the racial situation is that for more than four years there have been no armed conflicts between Jews and Arabs. Where the two meet personally in business, as landlord and tenant, as officials and the

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public, as patients and physician, as traveling companions, friction rarely occurs. That is primarily because the Arabs are a wise and courteous people who do not display their likes and dislikes in public. But up to the present the two races are living side by side without intermingling. Irritating incidents continue to occur. Last Atonement Day the Arab police took advantage of an old Turkish ordinance to prevent the Jews who were wailing before the Wall of Weeping from placing chairs and benches there. The attitude of the British police chief in the matter was characteristic. When the Jews appealed to him, he either could not or would not modify the old regulation, but he suggested, as a practical way out of the difficulty, that the Jews use as stools the square petroleum cans that abound everywhere and are used for all conceivable purposes; for the law did not forbid that.

New ties are constantly growing up between the two nationalities, however — partly because their propinquity makes this inevitable, and partly because Jews encourage it. The fact that the older Jewish population speaks Arabic, and is Arab in its way of living, is a great help here. Children of Jewish immigrants also pick up Arabic rapidly, and the number of Arabs who speak Hebrew is increasing. Particularly active in this movement for a better understanding are the Jewish labor leaders. To be sure, organized labor in Palestine is extremely nationalist. It opposes the employment of non-Jews in skilled trades, and it insists that Jews who have been in the country more than two years shall speak Hebrew exclusively at trade-union meetings. The only exceptions to this are the small unions belonging to the Moscow International, which stick to Yiddish in order not to loosen their connection with the mother unions in Russia.

The demand that only Jews shall be employed in Jewish enterprises looks anti-Arab, but is by no means entirely so. In the first place, it is designed to prevent the Jews from becoming exclusively an employing class exploiting Arab labor. In the second place, it is based on the theory that the Jews will never again become a great nation until they are distributed in normal proportions in all classes of productive employment, instead of concentrating in one or two vocations. In case of a colony financed by Baron Rothschild of Paris, the Jewish labor leaders insisted that Jews alone should be employed to ditch the malarial swamps, although the philanthropic Baron could not understand why they should want to do work that would ruin the health and cost the lives of so many unacclimated newcomers when there were plenty of Arabs ready to perform it. A third reason why the labor unions will not let seasoned Arabs be employed in Jewish undertakings is that the latter, with their low standard of living, depress wages.

So this policy is not inspired by racial or national hostility. Jewish organized labor in Palestine is class-conscious and socialist; and is essentially internationalist in sympathies and convictions. At least its leaders are opposed on principle to racial discrimination. They regard their present demand that only Jewish workers shall be employed as a temporary requirement to meet a particular emergency, and claim that as soon as the Arabs' standard of living has risen and the wages of the two races are equalized such discriminations will automatically disappear. In order to accelerate this process, they are doing all in their power to organize Arab labor; but the only occupation where both races are found in the same unions as yet is the railway service. During my stay in

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Palestine last October the first strike of Arab labor occurred. It was called by the bakers and tailors with the object of shortening the working-day, and was successful. The Jewish unions supported the strike.

Palestine's power to absorb a large Jewish immigration depends first and foremost upon agricultural development. But farming does not as yet employ the larger number of newcomers. A majority of these have flocked to the cities and are trying to make their living in the mechanical trades or in business. That is inevitable. Agriculture requires capital and experience, which only a minority of the immigrants possess. Besides, if the country is to support the Jews who are going there in such large numbers, urban industries as well as agriculture must be encouraged. In fact, the success of farming itself depends upon the growth of the town population. It is an error, consequently, for idealists to imagine that the regeneration of the Jewish race in Palestine depends upon every immigrant's becoming a man with a hoe.

Nevertheless, the introduction of scientific farming and the extension of the arable area by drainage and irrigation are not only the most important tasks before the country, but they are the very foundation of the sound national development that Zionism seeks. Nothing but agriculture can change the Jews from a nation of traders into a nation with a normal distribution of its people into all branches of productive labor. The movement to the farm is the corner stone of racial regeneration.

Consequently the young Jews especially insist upon this back-to-the-land movement. In spite of every obstacle — lack of implements, the strain of acclimatization, and the handicap of unhealthy living-conditions — these pioneers, the *chaluzim*, are making headway as farmers. The growth of this movement is not limited by lack of willing volunteers, but by lack of capital to buy land and provide the means to work it. Comparatively few ambitious young immigrants have money enough to go into farming. They are obliged to depend at first upon outside loans, and these so far have been far from sufficient for their needs.

As a result, most of the new farming-settlements are struggling along with inadequate capital. The settlers are working under a great disadvantage from lack of adequate equipment. Consequently excessive physical demands are made upon them, and crops do not always come up to expectations. This has begotten some skepticism as to whether farming in Palestine pays. That question, however, strikes to the very root of the whole Palestine experiment. If it does not pay, then Jewish immigration to that country will be a failure. As yet the colonists are not as a rule self-supporting. But most of them have been on their farms only two or three years, and nearly every one of them is handicapped by poverty.

Palestine has two distinct types of agriculture — one-crop farming, and mixed farming. One-crop farmers raise staple crops, largely for export, such as oranges, wine, almonds, olives, and more recently bananas. Some of them, especially since the remarkably successful orange crops of the last few years, have accumulated property. For the most part they employ Arab labor. The seasonal character of the work and the low wages with which the Arabs are contented keep them from hiring Jews. Probably the cultivation of these staple crops by small Jewish farmers tilling their own land will ultimately increase, but at the present time the latter are engaged

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chiefly in mixed farming. They raise grain, vegetables, and live stock. Most of them are found in the fertile plains of the valley of Jezreel, which only a few years ago was covered with malarial swamps.

No unanimity of opinion exists as yet as to the best way to treat different kinds of soil, the best methods of cultivation, what fertilizers to use, what implements are best, or even how to irrigate to the greatest advantage. The colonists know that they must go into intensive farming to compete with the cheap fellah labor of the big estates. But 'experts' debate interminably as to what particular kind of intensive farming should be pursued in different districts. In fact, I have the impression that most of the experts in Palestine are of the self-appointed type. Only a few Jews have a thorough agricultural education, and neither universities nor trained public opinion exists to decide who is qualified. But this is a situation that time will cure.

A characteristic feature of all the talk I have heard here about agricultural settlement in Palestine is that the people are more interested in the social side than in the professional side of farming. One important settlement had to change its site at great expense because it had been laid out in an impossible situation. A new water-tower was no sooner finished than it was discovered that it could not supply the people for whom it was intended. One of the older colonies has been raising live stock for years without using the manure. Nevertheless the settlers seem mainly interested in the relative advantages of communal or individual tenure, and whether communal settlements should be small or large. They debate passionately and interminably over theoretical matters, when actual success depends upon practical farming-methods. This is quite natural, of course, for the people are beginners at farming and they have been interested in social problems all their lives. The labor pioneers are not hard-fisted, practical-minded peasants, but social and national enthusiasts.

Private property does not exist in the communal settlements. The members eat together and have family dormitories; they are even clothed by the community. Naturally, the children are reared in community nurseries and schools. Labor is assigned by a committee, and no one receives wages. Even agricultural colonies whose members cultivate individual allotments have many communal features — interchange of labor, coöperative buying and selling, common ownership of farm machinery, and the like. Since the members cannot sell or enlarge the allotments that they have leased from the Administration of the Jewish National Fund, no one is richer or poorer than his neighbor.

I do not mean to criticize the great interest the immigrants show in the social aspects of these experiments. In fact, that interest is what gives them their chief inspiration. It accounts for the joy in doing that lightens the hardships and privations of the new settlers. . . .

Jerusalem has many old-time Jewish residents who have moved there out of religious sentiment and live largely upon remittances from abroad. In addition there are the newcomers, who include the employees of the Zionist organization, professional men, — especially physicians, — a little academic circle grouped around the Hebrew University, and merchants and artisans, chiefly building mechanics. Tel Aviv, the strictly Jewish suburb of Jaffa, which has grown like an American boom town from a place of two or three thousand inhabitants to a city with a population of thirty-six thousand

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within five years, presents another aspect of urban development. The settlers there, especially those who have come within the last year or two, are not to so large an extent enthusiasts filled with the idea of building up a national home for their race, but are money-makers who have transferred their small capitals from Poland or Lithuania to Palestine in order to escape economic oppression and to live a freer and a happier life. They are not so ready to make great sacrifices for an ideal as the *chassidim* pilgrim fathers. They bring some of the unpleasant habits of the ghetto with them, grasp eagerly after profits, go into real-estate speculation, and hold reactionary social views. On the other hand, their capital has given employment to many immigrants who possess a very different outlook, and their children will gradually acquire the New Palestine spirit.

Tel Aviv still looks like a half-finished town. Wherever you go, a house is being built here, another story or a wing is being added there. At least half of the people live directly or indirectly from the building trades. The houses so far erected are neither beautiful nor particularly well constructed, and one sees little evidence of systematic city-planning. Things have been allowed to take their own course. The settlers have never built houses, laid out streets, or planned towns before, and they have never governed a city. They have had to learn everything from the beginning, and they are paying for their tuition.

The big problem is to find something for the people to do when the building boom collapses. Already a number of industrial enterprises have been started at Tel Aviv and at Haifa. Some of these seem to be well established, others are still in the experimental stage, and others are already involved in difficulties that they are not likely to survive. There are reported to be forty-two textile factories here. Haifa has a big cement works, flour mills, and a soap factory. Tel Aviv has also brickyards, furniture factories, and a box factory, and miscellaneous enterprises. Several of these sell their products, not only in Palestine, but also in Syria, with which there is a customs union, and in other parts of Asia Minor. A small export trade exists even to America and Europe. Up to the present there is little opportunity for large investments. It is very fortunate that some of the wealthy Jews who have settled in Palestine are investing their money without expecting to receive the usual rate of profit.

Urban Palestine has all the social conflicts of the rest of the world, and others in addition. Labor is fighting to improve its condition. Coöperative societies and trade-union undertakings are struggling to extend their operations. Bitter conflicts arise, as they do wherever interests clash. One unique feature of the situation is, however, that class lines and cultural lines do not run parallel. The working people are mostly well educated. Besides, behind all these controversies lies a common purpose — to set up a new commonwealth.

I have not ventured to discuss religious questions — the differences between the more and the less orthodox Jewish sects, and between those and the working classes who for the most part have no religion. Those questions are important, but I am not competent to discuss them.

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# HOW I DISCOVERED AMERICA[1]

## BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

[OCCASIONALLY an official document possesses such enduring interest as to justify its occasional republication. That probably explains why the following letter is appearing in the contemporary press of Europe. It is translated from a copy preserved in the Munich National Library.]

*A letter of Christopher Columbus, to whom our age owes much, upon the newly found islands of India beyond the Ganges, to discover which he was sent in the eighth month of last year under the protection and with the money of Ferdinand, the unconquered King of the Spaniards, written to the eminent gentleman Raphael Sanxis, His Royal Majesty's Treasurer, which the noble and learned Señor Aliander de Cosco has translated from the Spanish idiom into Latin, on the third day before the first of November, 1493, in the first year of the Pontificate of Alexander VI.*

Since I know that you will be pleased to learn that I have completed taking possession of the new provinces, I have decided to write down briefly the facts and discoveries, that you may have in mind every incident of our voyage.

On the thirty-seventh day after leaving the Canaries, I came into the Indian Sea, where I found several islands inhabited by a very great number of people, of which I took possession for our blessed King by solemn proclamation and with flying banners without any resistance thereto. And the first of them I have given the name of the Holy Saviour, trusting to whose assistance I reached it and the other islands. The Indians, however, call it Guanahani. I have also given a new name to each of the others. And I have directed that one of the other islands shall be named Santa Maria, and another Ferdinanda, and another Isabella, and another Juana, and similar names for the rest.

As soon as we sighted the island that I have called Juana [Cuba] I coasted along it toward the west without discovering the end for a distance so great that I am inclined to think it is not an island but the mainland and a province of Chatai [Cathay]. Yet I saw no cities or inhabited places on the land near to the sea, except a few villages and country fields. I was not able to talk with the inhabitants, for as soon as they saw us they took to flight. I continued my course, thinking that I should find a city or some villages, but though I proceeded a long distance farther nothing new appeared.

Thus we were heading toward the north, which I wished to avoid, for fog hung low over the land, and it was my design to travel southward. And the wind no longer favored us. So I decided not to undertake anything further, and turning around steered to a harbor that I had observed. From this point I sent two of my people on land to ascertain if there were a king in this province or if there were any cities. These men traveled for three days and

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *January* 12, 14



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met many natives and little dwelling-places that were under no ruler's government. For this reason they came back. Meanwhile I had learned from certain Indians, whom I myself had discovered, that the province was an island. And so I continued my course along the coast for three hundred and twenty-two miles to the farthest extremity of this island. From this point I saw another island to the eastward distant fifty-four miles from Juana, which I later named Hispaniola [Haiti]. I steered for this island and continued my course along its northern coast in the same direction as along Juana, toward the east for five hundred and sixty-four miles. The island called Juana and the other island are very fertile. They have many large and safe harbors and are therefore not to be compared with the other islands I have seen. Numerous very large rivers of fresh water flow through them. Many very tall mountains stand upon them. All these islands are unusually beautiful and distinguished for the diversified form and the great variety of their trees, which rise almost to the stars, and which I believe never shed their leaves. For when I saw them their foliage was as dense and green as it is in Spain in the month of May. Some of them were in blossom, others bore ripe fruit, and each seemed to be in the full bearing season in its way. Nightingales and countless other song-birds of every character were singing in the month of November when I coasted along the shore. Furthermore, there are upon the island Juana seven or eight kinds of palm trees, which, like the other trees, vegetables, and fruit, far exceed our own in luxuriance and beauty. There are also wonderful nut trees, broad fields and meadows, many kinds of birds, many kinds of sweet vegetables, and many metals, excepting only iron.

In the island that I have named Hispaniola, however, are the largest and handsomest mountains, great stretches of fine country, forests and fertile fields well suited for pasturage and cultivation. On this island the harbors are so convenient and the streams of sweet water are so numerous and so large that no one would credit it without seeing them. The trees, meadows, and fruits are very different from those of Juana. Moreover, this island Hispaniola has various spices, gold, and metals in greater abundance than all the other islands that I saw or that I have ever heard of.

The natives of both sexes go about as naked as they were born, except that the women occasionally wear wreaths or pieces of cotton fabric for ornament. The men, as I have said, have no iron; neither have they weapons, which are entirely unknown among them and which they do not seem fitted to employ. This is not on account of physical faults, for they are strong and vigorous; but they are extremely shy and timid. Instead of weapons they carry with them a piece of sun-dried reed to the end of which is attached a point of sharpened wood. Even this they seldom use. For it often happened when I sent two or three of my men to some of their towns to talk with the natives a great crowd of them would gather, but as soon as they saw our men approach they would take to their heels, leaving even their children and property behind them. And this was not because we designed them any harm or injustice. On the contrary, wherever I landed and was able to converse with them I gave them presents — cloth and many other things; and I did not do this to gain some advantage of them. But they are by nature shy and timid.

On the other hand, as soon as they feel that they are safe and have cast

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aside their fear, they are mild and trusting and very generous with anything they have. No one will refuse a thing he owns to another one who asks for it. In fact, they told us to ask for what we wanted. They conducted themselves with the greatest kindness toward everyone. They will give the most valuable thing they own for a trifle. They are satisfied with the simplest article or with nothing. Nevertheless, I forbade my people to give them such trifles and worthless articles, plates, cups, pieces of glass, and the like, nails and spoons, although they invariably thought them the finest things in the world. On one occasion a sailor received for a spoon as much gold as would make three golden ducats. And the same happened to others for things of little value. Above all, they would give whatever a person asked for new Castilian coppers or for a few bright pennies. For instance, for an *onza* or two, or a half of one, in money they would give thirty or forty pounds of cotton, which they already know. And so my sailors bartered bits of broken armor and fragments of pottery and dishes for cotton and gold as greedily as wild animals. Since this was clearly unjust, I forbade it. I gave them many pretty articles that they liked that I had brought with me and that were of no great value, in order that they might become my friends and embrace Christianity and that they might love the King and the Queen and the Princes and all the people of Spain, and that they might exert themselves to collect and give us the things which they have in abundance but which we lack.

They are not idolaters. On the contrary, they believe that all power and strength and all that is good is in Heaven and that I and my ships and sailors have come down from there. And it was with this belief that I was received wherever I appeared after the natives had overcome their fear. And they are not stupid and rude, but shrewd and intelligent. And these people, who navigate that sea, inform themselves eagerly of whatever exists there. But they have never seen men who wear clothing, or ships the size of our own. But as soon as I reached that sea I captured by force a couple of Indians on the first island, in order that they might learn from us and teach us what they knew of that part of the world. And this succeeded according to my wish. For in a short time we understood them and they understood us through gestures and signs and later through words. They were of great use to us. And certain Indians also accompanied me of their own free will, who still believe that I have descended from Heaven, although they have lived for a long time with us and are still living with us. These were the ones who first announced us wherever we landed. Thereupon the natives of the place would call to the others in a loud tone of voice, 'Come, come and see the folks from Heaven.' And thereupon men and women, children and adults, young people and gray-haired grandsires, would hasten to join us after they had overcome the fear that seized them in the beginning. They stood in dense crowds along our path. Some brought food and others brought drink with the greatest kindness and amazing confidence.

And every island has many canoes hollowed out of logs, which, although they are narrow, are long and similar in form to our own two-bank galleys, which they excel in speed. They are propelled with paddles. Some are large, some small, and some of medium size. Most of the larger two-bankers have more than eighteen sets of paddles. With these they travel about from island to island, of which there are an

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untold number, and trade and traffic with each other. Some of these two-bankers or canoes which I saw were propelled by seventy or eighty paddlers.

The peoples of these islands do not differ from each other in appearance, customs, or language. All of them understand each other when they talk. This is very useful for the purpose of our Royal Sovereign, who I assume is intent upon converting them to the holy faith of Christianity. So far as I was able to inform myself, they are very apt and well disposed toward that.

I have said that I coasted along the island of Juana from the west toward the east for three hundred and twenty-two miles. With reference to that part of my course, I can say that this island is larger than England and Scotland together. For as I have said above, it is three hundred and twenty-two miles on the side toward the west. In addition, however, there are two provinces that I did not visit, one of which the Indians call Ana. The inhabitants of that province are said to be born with tails. Those provinces extend for a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, as I was told by the Indians that I carried with me and who know all these islands.

The extent of Hispaniola, however, is greater than that of all Spain from Catalonia to the Rabida River. This is easily inferred from the fact that the fourth side, which I coasted from the west toward the east, is five hundred and eleven miles long. This island must be subjugated, and I have taken solemn possession of it, as of all the others, in behalf of our victorious King, and dominion over that island throughout its whole extent has been transferred to the King for his profit and trade. In particular I took possession of a large town which we named after the birthday of the Saviour, La Navidad. There I gave orders for a fort to be built at once, which must have been completed by this time. I left there as many men as seemed necessary, with every kind of arms and with sufficient provisions for a year, together with carpenters and ship carpenters. The friendliness and kindness of the local chiefs to our people is beyond belief, for these native tribes are kind-hearted and docile and their chiefs pride themselves on the fact that I let myself be called their brother. And even if they should change their mood and wish to harm those who have been left behind in the fort, they could not do so, because they have no weapons and go about naked and are very timid. For this reason those who have possession of the fort can dominate the whole island without being in any danger from the population as long as they do not overstep the instructions we have given them.

On all these islands so far as I learned a man has only one wife, except the chieftains and princes, who may have as many as twenty. The women seem to work more than the men. I have not been able to ascertain whether they recognize private property. I observed that whatever one person had he divided with the others, especially food, vegetables, and the like. I discovered no criminal among them in the ordinary sense of the word. The people are timid and friendly and are not black like the Negroes. They have long, smooth, straight hair. They do not expose themselves for any length of time to the direct rays of the sun, for the sun is very hot in that part of the world, because this region is only twenty-six degrees from the equator.

On the mountain heights it is exceeding cold, but the natives endure it because they are accustomed to it and because they eat great quantities of very heating food. I have seen no criminal among them and I have

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learned of no crime among them, except on an island named Charis, which is the second of the islands encountered by people who sail from Spain toward India. A tribe [the Caribs] dwells there which is regarded by its neighbors with great horror. Those people eat human flesh. They have many kinds of two-bank canoes, with which they invade the other islands and plunder and steal whatever they can. They do not differ in appearance from the others except that they wear their hair long like women. They carry bows and cane arrows with sharp points on one end, for which reason they are considered very savage and are greatly feared by the other natives. Their women dwell apart from the men on the island Mateunin, the first island that you reach when traveling from Spain to India. These women, however, perform no labor becoming to their sex. They carry bows and arrows like the men. They wear copper ornaments, of which they have a great quantity. The Indians also told me of another island which is greater than Hispaniola, but the inhabitants of that island have no lances, although they have a great abundance of other things, including gold. I have brought with me natives from the island of Hispaniola and the other islands to bear testimony to what I have reported.

Finally, to summarize the profits and advantages of our journey, and of our early return thither, I promise this: I will bring our victorious King with only a little support and assistance from him as much gold as he wants, as much spice, cotton, and mastic as is found only in Chios, as much aloewood and as many heathen slaves as His Majesty may wish, as much rhubarb and other medicinal roots as they whom I have left behind in the fort I mentioned have found or as I believe they will find. I myself did not stop longer at any point than wind and weather forced me to, except at the town of La Navidad, where I arranged for erecting the fort and the security of the place. Important and unprecedented as all this is, I could have done much more if the ships had obeyed me, as reason dictated. Nevertheless, this that we have done is great and wonderful. But thanks for all this is not due to our services, but to the holy Christian faith and piety of our Royal Majesties; for what the human spirit alone cannot attain God grants to men, for God is wont to enable His servants and those who love His law to perform incredible things, just as it has been vouchsafed us in the present case to accomplish what has never hitherto been granted to the powers of a mortal being. For when anyone has written or reported about these islands it has been upon vague conjecture. No one has been so fortunate as to see them. They were regarded almost as legendary places. For this reason the King and Queen and their Princes and their realms and all the other lands of Christendom may thank our Master, Jesus Christ, who has granted us such a signal victory. Processions should be held, solemn sacrifices should be made, our churches should be adorned with wreaths and garlands. Christ should rejoice on earth as He rejoices in Heaven, Who in His providence has provided that the lost souls of so many people shall be saved. Let us also rejoice on account of the exaltation of our faith and the extension of our present knowledge, which will benefit not only Spain but all Christendom. To this end I have made this brief report.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Admiral of the Ocean

LISBON, *March* 14

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# THE PRESENT STATE OF POETRY[1]

BY EDWIN MUIR

To disengage the qualities and estimate the rank of the poetry of one's generation is peculiarly difficult. In the first place, the qualities that the critic has to discern — seeing that he too is of the age — are in a sense his own, and cannot be seen objectively; and secondly, it is impossible for him to separate his reactions to them from the rank of the poetry which they distinguish. A third thing will influence his judgment — the quantity of contemporary poetry. There is very little poetry being written to-day, and it is legitimate criticism to note that by its nature it is not poetry that could be produced in great quantity. It is the kind of poetry that is written in an age of general poetic debility, that is achieved against the current, caught adroitly where it can be caught, or seized desperately in the midst of hostile forces. It has the qualities of a thing which must use its wits: it is stubborn, violent, or clever. In the Victorian age poetry held its own; in the Romantic era it was supreme, and even the prose-writers were dominated by it. But to find another age in which the genius of prose was so immensely more powerful than that of poetry as it is now we have to go back to the eighteenth century.

That century was the century of enlightenment; our age too is one of enlightenment, but on a far vaster scale. The genius of our generation, as Mr. Bertrand Russell has said, has gone into science, not into literature. And it seems to be a fact of experience that to the supremely creative, the poetic, power, the spirit of enlightenment, when it is widely disseminated, becomes inimical. Science, enlightenment, skepticism — these make us look coldly, and involuntarily, automatically so, upon the things that the poet must contemplate with passion. The theorist's impersonality of intellect becomes insensibly an impersonality of general habit, and eventually an impersonality of feeling. We have all been influenced by the theories of science, and the intellectualization of imaginative literature has been going on for a long time. It produced in the generation before last such things as the dissolvent plays of Ibsen, and — perhaps its most finished expression — the pity of Anatole France, so admirable in the man, so inadequate in the artist. For France did not pity the immediate object, nor even pity in him the human race; he pitied humanity directly, passing by the particular case in indicating it, making it an open occasion for a quite impersonal emotion of which it served only to remind him, but which it did not intensify. The pity of France is not typical of this age, but his impersonality is; our emotions are colder, more generalized, more intelligent perhaps, than they were fifty years ago.

The growth and dissemination of science has made our approach to experience more impersonal; the circumstances of modern life tend to do the same thing. No one has investigated properly the effect of the growth of

[1] From the *Calendar* (London literary monthly), *January*



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cities upon literature, politics, and popular conceptions of morality. Yet the effect of such a vast change must have been great. It is impossible, for example, to conceive a poem like 'The Waste Land' being written anywhere except in a huge modern city; the small, dirty, leisurely London of fifty years ago did not contain the atmosphere for it. The atmosphere was not there, but neither was any way of life, any class of experience, that could make such utterance as this comprehensible. As we read 'The Waste Land' modern London, though not deliberately evoked, seems to rise up around us like a wall. Miss Sitwell's poetry, too, recalls us to London, and, if we except that of Mr. Squire's followers, there is hardly any poetry of the present day that does not do so. In the main, English poetry has been a poetry of the English country; it is now a poetry chiefly of the town. This is a decisive change. But it is also a comprehensible and natural one; for the cities are alive, the countryside is no longer so.

The effects of this vast change in the life of England must needs be infinitely complex, and finally impossible to define. The most one can do is to take hold of a few generalizations, obvious enough when stated, and yet, perhaps, generally overlooked. In the first place, life in a large city is necessarily more impersonal than life in the country. The difference, indeed, is so great that anybody coming to the city from the country has to reorient his values or else remain permanently at a loss. Where formerly his contacts were all personal, here he finds that they are preponderantly collective. His circle of acquaintances has been superseded by a crowd, permanent but shifting, as much a part of the furniture of the streets as the houses and shops. For the individual has been substituted the mass, and to the mass the order of feelings that expressed his relations toward his circle of acquaintances is no longer relevant. He develops, therefore, another set, the peculiar set of impersonal feelings that all town-bred people carry about with them, without guessing it, from their birth — the feelings that seem to make them a part of the crowd and yet keep them outside it, that permit them to know it and yet ignore it. Everything, moreover, is on such a large scale — business, the populace, the machinery of life — that nothing seems to matter so much. A calamity is one in a series of calamities; a man is part of a crowd. In the last hundred years England in general has come from the country to the city. The city as we know it, moreover, is like nothing that the human race has seen before. These attitudes, these emotions, are therefore new. They were bound to influence thought and feeling, and to bring a different note into literature.

Still another thing has helped to change the atmosphere of England, and to change it subversively — the rapidity of change. In a stable order of society, or in solitude, men may listen to their feelings without much question, for these feelings correspond to the situation, they have a sort of suitability. But where change is very rapid our reactions tend to become obsolete before we realize it. True of a past in which we always tend to live, the present delights in refuting them. They become confused, lose their force, and cease to give us satisfaction, as soon as we see that another set of responses, which, however, we cannot command, would be more suitable. So it was inevitable that we should have in contemporary literature a general distrust of the feelings, a conditional or ironical presentation of them, and sometimes a frank reduction of them to their lowest factors — to those elements



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that men never distrust even when they distrust everything else.

These things, then, must be taken into account when we consider contemporary literature, for they are part of our environment, and the creative writer lives not in a world of poetry but in his environment. If poetry is colder, more intellectualized, more skeptical, than it used to be, this, we see, is a natural result of the fact that contemporary thought and life impose upon us an increasingly impersonal attitude. If poetry is conditional and ironical, affirming and denying in one breath, what response could be more natural to a world that has changed so rapidly that no one knows where he stands? And these attributes of modern poetry become more significant if we see them neither as qualities assumed, nor as a fashion, nor as a new approach to reality, but as a reaction, genuine if confused, to the world we know. The poetry of Mr. Eliot, Miss Sitwell, and Mr. Graves, seen thus, is a poetry congruous with the nature of the age. It is neither a complete criticism nor a fulfillment; for that we are still waiting. But the age makes it comprehensible, gives it validity; we see clearly in it the forces that mould and the obstacles that inhibit modern life.

Let us take the testimony of the poets themselves. Miss Sitwell has a few very frank and illuminating notes in *Bucolic Comedies*. 'We are accused of triviality; but poetry is no longer a just and terrible Judgment Day — a world of remorseless and clear light.' 'Modern heartbreak is merely a dulling and a retrogression, a traveling backward: till man is no longer the bastard of beasts and of gods, but is blind, eyeless, shapeless as the eternal stones, or exists with the half-sentience of the vegetable world — a sentience that is so intensely concerned with the material world (as apart from the visual) that it is like the sentience of the blind.' 'This modern world is but a thin match-board flooring spread over a shallow hell. For Dante's hell has faded, is dead. Hell has no vastness; there are no more devils who laugh or who weep — only the maimed dwarfs of life, terrible straining mechanisms, crouching on trivial sands, and laughing at the giants crumbling!'

Let us turn to Mr. Eliot. 'I have lost my passion,' says Gerontion, —

> I have lost my passion; why should I need to keep it
> Since what is kept must be adulterated?

And the queries go on through Mr. Eliot's poetry: —

> 'Where is the penny world I bought
> To eat with Pipit behind the screen?
> Where are the eagles and the trumpets?'.

> 'What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
> Out of this stony rubbish?'

> 'What shall we do to-morrow?
> What shall we ever do? The hot water at ten.
> And if it rains, a closed car at four.'

And with that finality which Mr. Eliot can communicate over such a keen undertone of rebellion: —

> I have heard the key
> Turn in the door once and turn once only.

It is the same cry as Miss Sitwell's. The 'giants crumbling'; the 'trivial sands' — the 'stony rubbish'; the hell with 'no vastness' — the 'penny world'; the sentience that is like 'the sentience of the blind' — the key turned in the door once and turned once only: these are images of one and the same world, the modern world which has risen silently around us, and in which we have not learned to think and to feel.

The response of the poet to this world is not pessimism, for pessimism is a reasonable and traditional thing; it is rather a bewilderment and distress of

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mind. The poet is not concerned because ideals do not correspond to realities (a great source of pessimistic poetry); he is hardly concerned with ideals at all. His bewilderment springs from something far more complex — the feeling that reality itself has broken down, that even the simple emotions, the instinctive reactions, are disorientated and lead us astray. This bewilderment has not the absoluteness of pessimism, but it is nevertheless more completely without consolations. There is a satisfaction in making an end of the matter and saying, like Leopardi:

*Non val cosa nessuna*
*I moti tuoi; e fango è il mondo.*

But the contemporary poet is not so sure that 'the world is mud'; he does not know, indeed, what it is; for if even the physical reactions appear doubtful, anything may be true. The suffering that is reflected in his poetry is, therefore, the suffering of uncertainty, which, unlike all other kinds of suffering, has no power to distill its own alleviation. To him the miseries of the world are not even misery; for he cannot give them a meaning, or find a place for them in human life. Everything is conditional, everything is potential. Modern thought and modern life present the poet with a number of possible worlds, but not with the one that he needs if he is to feel, as well as speculate upon, reality. His temptation in this quandary is to accept these possible worlds provisionally, and build fanciful hypotheses round them.

This is what Mr. Graves has done in his later poetry. Miss Sitwell and Mr. Eliot describe the bewilderment and misery of the mind surrounded by uncertainty. Mr. Graves too has described that bewilderment and misery, but he has turned more and more of late years to a poetry whose chief implication is that anything may be true. It is a highly theoretical, very laborious, and intellectually serious, poetry of escape; and it is difficult to see what other kind of poetry the age presented to a poet with a philosophical turn. Donne, as Professor Grierson points out, 'was in the first place a Catholic,' and had moreover 'a vast and growing store of the same scholastic learning, the same Catholic theology, as controlled Dante's thought, but jostling already with the new learning of Copernicus and Paracelsus.' With that new learning Donne furnished the scholastic, Catholic mansion anew, transforming it so that from the inside at any rate it seemed something completely novel; yet the original edifice remained. But Mr. Graves, in whose mind the theories of Professor Freud, Dr. Rivers, Butler, and Sir James G. Frazer jostle one another, has no cosmos in which to assemble them; the age provides none, and it is the lack of a framework of reality that makes his fancies remain merely fancies where Donne's are as concrete as ornaments on a great design. It is this that makes us feel, when Mr. Graves describes the transmigration of Alexander the Great's soul into the body of a Chinese soldier, that it is a mere hypothesis, whereas Donne's fantasy of the soul's transit to Heaven is pure passion and imagination: —

Who if she meet the body of the sun,
Goes through, not waiting till his course be run;
Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
Nor is by Jove, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the firmament.

What makes this passage of almost absurd fancy so moving, so serious, is Donne's absolute acceptance of the premises from which he starts. Without an unconditional belief in the immortality of the soul, and in time and eternity as its two states, poetry such as this could not be written. It is the

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lack of any metaphysical foundations to Mr. Graves's fancies that makes them sometimes so singularly cold, so unconvincing.

Why might we not approve adulterous license
Increasing pleasurable experience?
What could the soul lose through the body's rapture
With a body not its mate, where thought is pure?

The difference between the poetry of Donne and poetry such as this is the difference between absolute and conditional utterance, between what is true and what may or may not be true, between the poetry of a man living in a real world and that of one torn between several hypothetical ones, none of them acceptable. Donne's hypotheses started from problems that he had resolved by experience or by faith; Mr. Graves's start from this premise or that, and in general from the unresolved problems of the age. Poetry of this kind may be witty, ironical, or suggestive, but it is not serious enough for its purpose, it is not effectual. For the pressing need of any age of transition is to cease to be one, to attain to a resolution of its problems, not to poetize them.

We have a host of theories, then, but among them no ruling theory; a mass of enlightenment, but no faith in enlightenment; a number of ideals of society, but no hope that they will be realized. The world has changed around us, but we are not conscious of having changed it; and the future is still more uncertain than the present. We have lost, in other words, the things that in a period of transition are always lost, but that with its passing return again, somewhat changed by the fact that it happened. Among these are such conceptions as the cosmos, society, humanity, a general purpose, and, as an inevitable expression of these, such literary categories as the tragic, the pathetic, the comic. The present dislike for 'the pathetic fallacy' and for katharsis is peculiar to a society that is not integrated. Once postulate a great order and these things become inevitable, for any enduring belief, the belief of a civilization in God, in humanity, or in itself, makes certain things pathetic and tragic, giving its meaning naturally and involuntarily to the varied accidents of life. Ages of transition cannot give this significance to the accidents of their existence; in them accordingly the peculiarly significant categories of literature are questioned or are denied. Yet, if we could write in the great pathetic vein, we should not question the validity of pathos; if we could attain to a katharsis, our doubts about its desirability would be resolved. We live in an interregnum, between a world that has passed and a world not born — not in a new order, but rather in the chaos where a new order must be preparing. For, if civilized societies change, they also tend perpetually to reintegrate themselves; at its moment, the stable order of life and thought, better or worse than its preceding type, returns.

The service of a period of transition is to make us conscious of the problems that the dead order could not solve. These problems accumulate; the old order thrusts them aside, goes on as long as it can, as if they did not exist. Then the crash comes; the order no longer is there; the problems, these and these alone, fill our minds. There is hardly an aspect of life, hardly a feeling or a general conception, that the universal questioning of our age has left untouched; and when order rises again we feel that everything will be changed. The progress of industrialism and the growth of cities have modified our feelings, our relations, our desires. The discoveries and theories of science have

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altered our conception of the nature of life, and of the origin and destiny of mankind and of the world.

With these revolutions the last great era of literature, the Victorian, could do little. Nor can we do very much with them, for we are not so much conscious of them as of the universal uncertainty into which they plunge everything. Yet gradually that uncertainty must resolve into something else, which will not be a dogma, nor a theory, but a living complex of beliefs, experiences, acceptances — a new adaptation. The universe of science will then become real; we shall recognize it not merely as intellectually valid, but as the actual universe in which we live. 'If the time should come,' Wordsworth says, 'when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of men.' The poet will do so because nothing is wholly real until it finds an image as well as a formula for itself. For the image is the record that a conception has been steeped in the unconscious, and there accepted by the deeper potencies of the mind.

Because it was once accepted in this way, the cosmogony of the Bible is still in one sense more real than that of modern science; for, while we no longer accept it, we cannot but visualize it. God creating the world in seven days, 'making' Adam and Eve and the animals and fishes, setting Heaven above us and Hell beneath, calling the world to account on the Day of Judgment — these are still as vivid as dreams, because once for a long time they had such reality that men could see them as if they were happening before their eyes. It is the measure of the mere intellectuality of the evolutionary theory of creation that it has never become a picture. It is hypothesis, not imaginative reality. Yet 'the remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, the Mineralogist,' to quote Wordsworth again, 'will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.' The discoveries of modern science are certainly 'material to us as enjoying and suffering human beings.' They have revolutionized our conception of the three problems that chiefly concern poetry and mankind — the problems of creation, destiny, and the nature of life: how we came to be, whither we go, and what we are. The reason why the poet has not taken these discoveries as the objects of his art can only be because they are not really familiar to him, because, while he accepts them intellectually, his unconscious has not accepted them.

If all this is so, there need be no wonder that poetry to-day is hard to write. Living in a world intellectually formulated, the poet has to make it into a real one. His task is not so much to treat the universe of life as to evoke it. That world will sometime be evoked; the universe of science will become as real to us as the universe of the Bible was to our predecessors; the geologic ages, the dragons before the Flood, our first ancestors — these will become 'genuine inmates of the household of man.' They have already been absorbed into the science of psychology; they will be absorbed into poetry because they must, because until they are they will not be humanized, and because if they are not humanized they will remain a remnant of defeated experience. There have been a few magnificent but abor-

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tive attempts to absorb them, the greatest of these *Also sprach Zarathustra*, with its new table of values, its acceptance of a world not anthropomorphic, its use of mythological material, its profound recognition of the unconscious, which forestalled so strikingly the later attitude of psychoanalysis. The universe to which Nietzsche tried to orient himself was indeed the universe that modern knowledge had revealed, but he rarely reached past a will-to-acceptance to acceptance itself. Yet we cannot feel that he failed because he came too soon. The fault lay rather within himself; his inspiration as a poet was impure, like Shelley's. The resolution of the modern world into poetry might, one feels, have been achieved by him had his fanaticism and his ambition been less. The time was ripe, if he had been. As it is, the work of resolution has still to be done. When it is done the condition of a new productive era will be in existence.

# THE LOVE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE[1]

BY H. M. FORBES

WHEN we think of Robinson Crusoe, we generally visualize a figure in a hairy hat and nondescript jerkin, hairy pantaloons and uncouth sandals, hairy waistcoat and ream-strung water-bag. That Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, the prototype of Defoe's immortal hero, did at one period of his turbulent existence present some such appearance is unquestionable; but it was not for long.

The real Crusoe, unlike the Crusoe familiar to our boyhood, wore for the greater part of his life just such apparel as that then in vogue. As youthful rustic he dressed like any other youthful rustic; as pirate like any other pirate; as naval officer like his brother officers. Only when we have divested him of his helmet, fleeced him of his 'gamp,' commandeered his parrot, can we form the slightest conception of what he looked like when by the 'wild majestic Forth' he came in due time to unfold the burden of his love.

At the time when our story begins, Selkirk had just returned from the adventure which — little as he thought it at the time — was one day to render him immortal. As he wandered about Largo, his native village, along the coast to Lundin Links, or in the opposite direction to Elie or Kilconquhar, little did he reckon that on the other side of the Border, and that before long, a book would be written that would carry his name and fame to every country in the world; make his history, indeed, the grand classic of the nurseries, not merely of the Old World, but also of the New. As a matter of fact the returned wanderer was feeling at the moment anything but self-congratulatory, when — wandering in Keil's Den, within a few minutes' walk of his father's two-storied cot — he suddenly came across a vision destined ere long to alter his entire outlook. The

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *January*

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spectacle in question was that of a fair cotter, Sophia Bruce by name, tending her father's cattle.

According to Charles Reade, 'beauty is power, a smile is its sword.' So in good sooth Selkirk was to find. For many a day thereafter, all unknown to the girl herself, he used to sit watching her for hours together. At long last our adventurer resolved to accost this naiad of the carse, Sophia on her side apparently being nothing loath to meet his advances. The truth is that, long before Selkirk had discovered there was such a being in the world as this woodland divinity, the latter had not only heard his story, but, despite his hermit-like existence, had even caught an occasional glimpse of him.

Very differently was he dressed at present than on the occasion on which she had first beheld him. His jacket was now hodden gray — before it was of blue plush; his stockings were now homespun — before they were silk; his headgear was now a 'straw' — before it was a shovel hat; to-day he carried a crook — on the first occasion a silver-headed cane. And yet that first peep Sophia well knew she would never forget. The day in question was that on which — his never-to-be-forgotten outlawry at an end — Selkirk once more set foot in his native village.

Receiving no answer on tirling at his father's door on that occasion, Alexander was about to turn away in distress, when he was informed that his parents were at church. Thither he immediately directed his steps — Sophia, seated beside her parents in their old straight-backed pew, being a spectator of all that followed.

Never in the checkered history of that old sanctuary was beheld so singular a scene. The parson was holding forth with true Calvinistic ardor — whether at the fifth head of his sermon or at the seventh, history does not record — when suddenly a stranger appeared in the gallery. That he was nervous — distinctly nervous — there was no mistaking. Several of those who might otherwise have recognized him were asleep; a certain number knew him at once. Heavens alive, what an apparition! It was Alec Selcraig — sure as deith!

At that moment who should wheel round in her pew but the newcomer's mother, who, unmindful of aught else but the fact that her boy — her long-lost Alec — was returned, with a cry of joy leaped from her seat. The next moment mother and son were locked in an embrace profoundly touching to behold. One individual only viewed things rather differently — the preacher, who now took it upon himself, with lugubrious brow and solemn intonation, to censure the actors in this affecting drama. Poor man, his reproof all went for nothing. The Selkirks hurriedly left the church. As for the remainder of the peppermint-munchers, their attention was no longer to be looked for.

Not until the church was empty did Sophia learn the details of the incident that had caused so profound a sensation among the worshipers. The story affected her not a little. With the autocrat of the pulpit she felt highly indignant; with the feelings of the Selkirks warmly sympathetic. Thus, when Selkirk suddenly appeared from a clump of brushwood and stood before her in Keil's Den, he was in the presence of no disinterested party, little though he suspected it.

We can well imagine the effect the returned wanderer would be likely to make on this untutored cottager. At the period in question — the dawn of the eighteenth century — it was not at all uncommon for people to live and die without so much as ever leaving their native villages. Sophia Bruce, if she had ever been as far as Fife Ness

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or St. Andrews, had probably been not a step beyond. Her education would doubtless be of the simplest, her knowledge of the world as circumscribed as her workaday activities. More than probably the part played in her life by the church was one of paramount significance. Those were the days of the two-hour sermon, the time when the Sabbath, so far from being a day of relaxation, was a veritable martyrdom. In the course of a twelvemonth, Halloween and Beltane, Yule and the New Year, were probably the only holidays Sophia ever knew, except perhaps for the festivities attending a 'daubing' (the building of the walls of a new farmhouse) or a 'brothering' feast. So far, perhaps, the outstanding event of her life had been the occasion when at the reaping of the last sheaf — the 'maiden,' as it was styled — she had enjoyed the felicity of acting as queen. No doubt, too, she had had her lovers; but what were these latter in all conscience compared with her latest cavalier!

Unlike the remainder of her admirers, Selkirk had seen life — real life. It was not merely into the great wonderland of London that he had dipped — itself at that time no ordinary feat; he had sailed the ocean pathways; he had encountered, not merely famous seamen, but down-at-heel cutthroats; he had seen the world in the most catholic sense of the word, a world symbolical of every badge of office, label, implement, in use by man — the sword and ploughshare, the lover's knot and the hangman's noose, the Prayer Book and the tankard, the crucifix and the 'jemmy.' That Selkirk was no sugar-candy saint Sophia must have known as well as anybody in Largo. That years before he had been a ne'er-do-well, had indeed been reproved by the elders of the kirk, must have been in that part of the world a matter of common knowledge. In view of the fact, however, that he was now a local celebrity — no doubt the fair Sophia argued — his past was as easy to forget as his latter-day record to remember.

And yet, perhaps, she did not wish to overlook that past. Say what one will, the ladies adore a desperado! The adventurer — whether, like Charles Edward Stuart, he is born in the purple, or, like Jonathan Wild, he is the son of a peruke-maker, whether, like Monmouth, the aspirant to a throne, or, like François Villon, the aspirant to anything he could lay hands on — many women positively idolize. Whoever else is without a sweetheart, it is not your Galloping Jacks, your Dick Turpins, your Deacon Brodies, your Ned Kellys. Selkirk, needless to say, was no ruffian, yet he was, as we have seen, no saint — for which very reason, probably, he was in the eyes of Sophia Bruce none the less attractive.

Well can we imagine how, seated beneath some giant beech in the woodland grove, the rosy-cheeked cowherd would delight in catechizing the returned seafarer on the subject of his desert island. Equally well can we picture to ourselves the fascination with which she would follow her companion's narrative — not the story of his exile according to Defoe, but the actual story: how it was at his own request that he became an ocean outlaw; how, roofless as was his prison, its bars but a watery waste, to him it had appeared on first acquaintance no less secure, no less grim, than a mediæval dungeon; how during the first few days of his exile the falling of mighty trees struck terror to his heart; how for eighteen months thereafter he could not tear himself away from the shore, so eagerly did he yearn for the sight of a sail; how time and again, Tantalus-like, he beheld passing merchantmen with which, despite frantic flag-waving,

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he was unable to get in touch. On one occasion, said he, a sloop did anchor, and a boat actually touched at the island, but as the crew were Spaniards he was terrified to go near them — at which stage of the narrative, her heart lacerated with womanly pity, we can see the tears start to Sophia's eyes.

Continuing his story, the narrator told, no doubt, of how on one occasion he fell over a precipice while pursuing a goat, and was well-nigh killed; how at times he became terribly unwell; how ever and anon he could not but think of his native village. Perhaps, as he sheltered from the storm in some tree-screened cranny, Largo, peaceful as a saint's day, lay swathed in gentle sunshine; maybe, as under a brilliant sun he toiled away in his fence-encircled bungalow, the snell blast of the Ochils was driving the sheiling community to the ingle nook. Was his mother alive? Perhaps they reckoned him dead — if so, it seemed to him they were not altogether wrong. Proceeding, the raconteur perhaps divulged a secret he would have confessed to no other in all the world — that with thorn-scarred hands he constructed in the vicinity of his shanty a tiny model, — that of his native hamlet, — a model from scrutinizing which in hours of exceptional loneliness he derived a melancholy satisfaction. Here was the village church — a piece of turf surmounted with a shell; here was the outline of the harbor — a row of sunken sticks; here Balcruivie Castle — a fragment of pimento, rude as the implement with which it was carved; here that part of the village known as the Temple — the masonry a handful of sand, the lime the spittle of his mouth.

And yet, despite the interest that the guileless village girl aroused in this North Country Sinbad, apparently all was far from well with him. Times there were when despite himself the tears started to his eyes, when a mysterious melancholy claimed him for its own.

Perhaps the reader will best realize the feelings of the returned wanderer at this time if he compares them with those of Rip Van Winkle on his return to his old haunts after his long siesta. Not that, as in the case of Washington Irving's romance, the landscape itself was altered — Selkirk discovered no such metamorphosis. Despite the amazing vicissitudes through which he had passed since he had last beheld his native hamlet, Largo was very much the same now as it had been before he left it. The church, the houses, the wharf, the harbor, appeared as unaltered as the adjacent Law.

True, as we have seen, his parents did not happen to be at home at the moment, but when he did find them it was, to his delight, in perfect health and strength; and yet Selkirk, alas, no less than Rip Van Winkle, was still faced with a shattering affliction. His experiences on the desert island had, truth to tell, unfitted him for civilization; communal life he found trying to a degree, cooked food he was no longer able to enjoy, footwear, even on the Sabbath Day, he found irksome beyond measure. At home, indeed, so little did he *feel* at home that what should he do but erect a bivouac on the slope of ground behind his father's house, where frequently for days together he sat gazing out on the waters of the Forth.

Presently, to Sophia's intense amazement, for what should her gallant declare he was pining but his desert island!

With the words put into Selkirk's mouth by the poet Cowper, who is not familiar? —

> I am out of humanity's reach,
> I must finish my journey alone,
> Never hear the sweet music of speech;
> I start at the sound of my own.

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Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

In view of Selkirk's actual feelings, now that he was restored to civilization, how amazing appear these oft-repeated verses! The truth is, just as Selkirk's conduct toward his father had been a repetition of the story of Jonathan and David, as his conversion was but the old story of the bard beloved of Burns, as his conduct in running away to sea was the old story of Black Barabus, what was his attitude to his desert island but another version of the Prisoner of Chillon? On regaining his liberty the one missed the turnkey, his chains, his prison gruel; the other, the days when he was lord of the fowl and the brute, his sea-girt grotto, his goat-skin wardrobe.

Dejected as he was, however, to Robinson Crusoe Sophia's sympathy was an undisguised blessing. Her smile helped to dispel his fits of gloom, her merry laugh to cheer his drooping spirits. It is not to be supposed that two individuals, one of whom, seated at her mother's door, had served her apprenticeship to life at the spinning wheel, the other in storm and peril at the wheel of a pirate ship, could have very much in common. It is a long cry betwixt the bleating of the lamb and the roar of the culverin, betwixt the blithe carol of the hedge bird and the ribald ditty of the fo'c'sle. Yet love, as the poet says, being of man's life a thing apart, has by-laws of its own framing. Presently friendship developed into something deeper, until in the lair of the coltsfoot and the marsh marigold — in the shadow of a hill which once looked down on those accursed orgies, the drowning of witches; on Sir Andrew Wood employing his prisoners in building defensive works against pirates; on the sails of that ocean dare-devil, Paul Jones; centuries later, on a fleet alike setting out for, and returning from, one of the greatest sea engagements in modern history — there was breathed a story which, if not as familiar to the world at large as the romance of Randolph and Isabel Stewart, is, in the kingdom of Fife at least, a classic in the history of the passions.

Nor 'beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale' need we be at a loss as to a certain number of the themes discussed. Often must Selkirk have described to his fair companion the part he himself had played in many an epic of the briny, fights with Spaniards, fights with Indians, adventures in the wild, adventures in the cowilla. We can picture the color forsaking those comely cheeks at the recital of the chase of that ball-splintered craft, the 'Beginning'; of the combat betwixt the 'Duke' and Pickhert's prize ship.

Nowadays not a few trippers whose wanderings have taken them no farther than to Bellagio, to Chiavenna, to Pontresina, have anything but a little to say concerning these easy-stage pleasure trips; the kind of recital likely then to fall from the lips of a jolly who had sailed with the enterprising Rogers, who had fought the Dago Pontiff, who had seen life as represented on three continents, who in the land of the blue daw and the green parrakeet, of the buffalo and the brown bear, had beheld the smoke of human sacrifices, who had looked on the totem of the Creek, who had heard the war-cry of the Natchez, may readily be imagined.

Selkirk spoke and was eased by a hundred hectic memories; Sophia listened and was spellbound. What a man this was, to be sure! Perhaps Sophia had long yearned for just such a dare-devil wooer; in the noted words of Milton, for a 'great adventurer from

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the search of foreign worlds.' If so, her yearning had not been in vain. Esmeralda was not more fascinated by Phœbus de Chateaupers than was this little Largo petticoat by her venture-crazed romantic. But if to the girl had come the romance of her existence, to the man himself had come such a dream of Paradise as but a short time previous would have appeared the wildest fantasy.

Presently is it not possible that our lovers engaged in the stream-bank ritual long sacred to rural courtships in various parts of Scotland? On becoming betrothed, it was customary for a young couple to stand on opposite banks of some babbling runnel, to lave their hands in the water, and, holding a Bible betwixt them, to vow eternal fealty. After this Bibles were exchanged, the flyleaves as a rule embellished with a line or two of Holy Writ — perhaps a prayer, such, for instance, as that hallowed for generations from the Lamp of the Lothians to the shores of Loch Sunart: —

> The Lord is my herd, nae want sal fa' me. He louts me till lie amang green howles, he airts me atowre by the lown waters. . . . Na! though I gang thro' the deid-mirk dail, e'en thar sal I dreid nae skaithin'; for Yersel are nar by me; Yer stok and Yer stay haud me aye cheerie.

At the present day it is a custom chiefly remembered as one favored on the banks of the Faile by Burns and Mary Campbell. In Selkirk's time it had never been more prevalent.

At last one fine morning came a surprise such as the dead-and-alive 'Temple' had not known for many a long day. It was suddenly announced that, like a thief in the night, surreptitiously, mysteriously, Selkirk had disappeared; not without booty, as it proved, for with him he had taken the fair Sophia.

Here of a verity was a titbit for the village gossips! Why an elopement should have been decided on, who can say? Perhaps Sophia had been cautioned against her beau by her family, who may have had other plans in view for her. If so, they can hardly have failed to realize that those hopes were not very likely to be fulfilled; toward the stem to which it was eventually to be grafted, the flower of the forest had by this time been too long inclining.

The elopement, however, is capable of various explanations. Perhaps Selkirk had once more suddenly fallen victim to the old wanderlust; perhaps, weary to death with the curiosity evinced in his every movement, he was resolved to have no more of it. It was for Bristol that the lovers set compass, though by what means and by what route — whether, like Garibaldi when he fled with his beauteous Anita, by sea; or, like the future Lord Chancellor Eldon when he eloped with Bessie Surtees, by land — remains as great a mystery as much else in their romantic story.

It would be pleasing to be able to affirm that in his treatment of his runaway sweetheart Selkirk's conduct was as unexceptionable, in the days to come, as was that of the courageous patriot and the illustrious Chancellor just mentioned.

It would appear that this was not the case. That by this feather-brained escapade Sophia Bruce deeply hurt her parents, there is more than reason to believe. Nor was that sorrow ever to be assuaged. Whatever the beautiful Anita's family had to say concerning that young woman's elopement, they at least had the satisfaction in years to come of knowing that her destiny was allied to that of a man of peerless chivalry, of sovereign prowess, a leader of world-wide fame and reputation. Highly vexed as was the Surtees family at the runaway union of their no less lovely daughter, the time was to come

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when they were to see her husband marching from success to success, from triumph to triumph, to knighthood, to three quarters of a million in money, to the Woolsack, to an earldom. Such a record would probably appease not a few parents. How different, alas, with the poor village girl who, in the watches of the night, decamped with 'Robinson Crusoe'! Not only did the latter grow weary of his Dulcinea, — and that ere very long, — but, as a result, she was in the end actually reduced to want.

Shortly after Selkirk abandoned her, Sophia died — according to some, of a broken heart. As for Selkirk himself, he not so long afterward led to the altar one Frances Candis or Candia. Of this marriage we know very little; nor of our adventurer's life from this time onward, indeed, is much more on record. Whether he ever became a pirate again is open to question, but certainly he went once more to sea. At the time of his death, which occurred nine or ten years after his union with Frances Candis, Selkirk was an officer on board His Majesty's ship 'Weymouth.' Even these scanty details the good folk of Largo might never have heard, only not long after his death who should suddenly appear in Largo, with a view to claiming his property, but Sophia's successor! The latter, who was a widow when Selkirk married her, and who, according to all reports, was only less frivolous than a schoolgirl, was by now married for a third time; and, having no difficulty in establishing her claim to a house in the village left her by her second husband, she presently took her departure from the 'Temple,' almost as suddenly as had Selkirk and Sophia Bruce.

It is a notorious fact that many of the noted lovers who have secured their brides only by runaway marriages have not only led supremely happy lives, but in death lie side by side. It is thus with the Burtons, with the Erskines, with the Eldons. It would be the same with the Sheridans and the Brownings had it not been the general wish that the dust of the illustrious orator, no less than that of the famous poet, should mingle with that of those buried in the Abbey — by which time the Beauty of Bath had been for years lying in Wells Cathedral, Elizabeth Barrett for years under Italian skies in the little Protestant cemetery looking out toward Fiesole.

The union of Selkirk and Sophia Bruce, on the other hand, was the reverse of felicitous. There remains, however, a word or two more. The last resting-place of Sophia is totally unknown. As for that of Selkirk himself, some there are who maintain that he was buried at sea, others that there is no reason for any such supposition. Despite the place he holds in the heart of the multitude, — old as well as young, — the fact is that the burial place of 'Robinson Crusoe,' like that of his Largo enchantress, is a mystery as impenetrable as that by Nebo's lonely mountain.

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# TROLLOPE AND IRELAND[1]

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

It would be amusing to form a graph showing the curve of Trollope's literary reputation. About twenty-five years ago I wrote an article discussing him seriously as one of the most important novelists, and superior persons cried out upon me for a dealer in paradox. To-day, similar if not the same superior persons seem disposed to set this good craftsman among the great artists. Without discussing that, one may at all events be sure that no critic can rate Trollope's value too highly as a document. He gives, as no one else did, the normal England of his time. But he ranks also as a capital document for the social history of Ireland.

He was an Englishman, English as John Bull; and an Englishman's observations about Ireland must be taken with such allowance as should be made for those of a German on Poland. But there are Englishmen unsympathetic by temperament to the Irish character; and no Irishman will ever admit that Thackeray's views on the land that produced Thackeray's mother-in-law have the kind of balance that is necessary for good testimony or even for good work. On the other hand, there is a type of Englishman who takes to Ireland, like a relapsed teetotaler to alcohol. Trollope was this kind. From the first he evidently reveled in Ireland. Red tape was his detestation through life, and it is a commodity that the Irish employ sparingly. He had been tied up with red tape for seven years in the English postal service, and the job of a surveyor's clerk in Ireland brought emancipation. From London he was launched, of all places in the world, to Banagher, in the middle of the vast central bogland.

Very few Irish people, except its own inhabitants, have ever seen Banagher. I, for instance, who have traveled a great deal in my own country, got there only once, and then, as Trollope probably did, by canal. It is on the Shannon, at a crossing-place, and most of his work — tours of inspection or visits to investigate complaints — took him into Connaught; but a considerable district in his charge lay eastward also, through the bogland. Anyhow, Banagher was as Irish as Irish could be. Yet it was not a wilderness. There was society. The little town was probably more important then than it is now. There is a hotel or large inn there, bearing the stamp of the coaching days, a place of some charm, with mullioned stone windows, rare in Ireland; and I am very sure that Trollope had many a chop and many a glass of punch there.

But the essential thing was that Trollope found himself clerk to a surveyor who kept a pack of hounds; and he instantly conformed to the custom of the country and bought a horse and hunted. About one in ten of the Englishmen that take root in Ireland is chiefly concerned with shooting or fishing; the other nine become part of Ireland's freemasonry of horseflesh. Trol-

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *January*

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lope loved a horse and a hunt and a race well enough to have a passport to the friendliness of a people who, as a rule, ask no better than to be friendly with a stranger — if he does not want to do them good. Hunting men and hunting women are comparatively free from the English propensity to philanthropic demonstrations. A man so English as Trollope would have been insufferable in Ireland but for the happy chance that brought him into association with the Irish in a field where Irishmen admittedly had considerable competence. There, associating with them through a common enjoyment on terms of equal comradeship, he learned to judge them frankly; and he had the happy instinct to make his work grow into and out of his play. Wherever he went, he went on horseback; and he soon convinced himself that inspection was much more satisfactorily conducted if the inspector dropped out of the clouds, in hunting-kit, on his way to a meet or back from a run. I have seen a good deal of Irish official business done, and well done, in the same sort of way, which had great merits among a shy and suspicious people who did not and could not regard the Government machinery as part of their own being, and who, if time were given them to prepare it, always got up a story.

In short, Trollope had the first requisite for understanding Ireland: he liked the Irish people, and was more aware of their resemblance to what he approved in human beings than of their difference from that standard. So he judged them without exaggeration, and found them, as he wrote in 1876: —

'Good-humored, clever, — the working classes much more intelligent than those of England, — economical and hospitable. Extravagance is not in the nature of an Irishman. He will count the shillings in the pound more accurately than an Englishman, and will much more certainly get twelve pennyworth from each shilling.' (There spoke the grateful heart that knew very well that a surveyor's clerk could not have hunted in England on four hundred a year.) 'But they are perverse, irrational, and but little bound by the love of truth.'

To that passage from his autobiography should be added these opening observations from the first page of *Castle Richmond*, written in 1859, when he was on the point of leaving Ireland: —

'That there is a strong feeling against things Irish it is impossible to deny. Irish servants need not apply; Irish acquaintances are treated with limited confidence; Irish cousins are regarded as being decidedly dangerous; and Irish stories are not popular with the booksellers. For myself I may say, that if I ought to know anything about any place, I ought to know something about Ireland; and I do strongly protest against the injustice of the above conclusions. Irish cousins I have none. Irish acquaintances I have by dozens; and Irish friends, also, by twos and threes, whom I can love and cherish — almost as well, perhaps, as though they had been born in Middlesex. Irish servants I have had in my house for years, and never had one that was faithless, dishonest, or intemperate. I have traveled all over Ireland closely as few other men can have done, and have never had my portmanteau robbed or my pocket picked. At hotels I have seldom locked up my belongings, and my carelessness has never been punished. I doubt whether as much can be said for English inns.'

He was certainly entitled to claim the right to speak with knowledge. For eighteen years his home and his work had been in Ireland. He had married in Ireland, but not an Irishwoman; and the fact, he says, was somewhat re-

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sented in Banagher, so that he was glad when a transfer took him to Clonmel. Later he lived in Mallow; later still, for eighteen months, in Belfast, and then his headquarters were in Dublin. He had traveled every corner of the country, had hunted with perhaps a score of packs. He had made good his official position, so that he was detailed from Ireland for other duties, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in England. Also he had done some of his very best work in Ireland: *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, and *Doctor Thorne* were all published before he left that country. But he began on what lay nearest to his observation: his first two novels dealt with life in Connaught. Three years after they appeared, a scheme for extending postal services in country parts caused this rapid surveyor, who had finished his Irish task, to be detailed to England; and so he came to Salisbury and the germ of *The Warden* was conceived.

There is no question at all that Trollope writing of England is incomparably superior to Trollope writing of Ireland. The two first novels, whose scene is laid west of the Shannon, suffer from the clumsiness of a beginner; but *Castle Richmond* was written after *Doctor Thorne* and *Barchester Towers*, and actually at the same time as *Framley Parsonage*. I cannot better express the difference than by saying that when Trollope wrote of England he knew what to take for granted; when Ireland was his subject, he was always laboring to be understood, and to understand. English life comes to him easily, carelessly, and spontaneously; he creates it instinctively. Of Irish scenes he is only the well-informed, attentive, fair, but detached observer.

The novels that I purpose to examine have no permanent value as works of art. But they do tell us, with certain well-defined limitations, what Ireland was like at a period of its history of which little is known. They are not to be called photographic, for they are the record of a temperament. They tell us what a very honest and able stranger saw in a country that grew in a sense intimately familiar to him, yet in a truer sense was only superficially apprehended. He depicted what he saw, at times with great power; he told us very plainly what he thought about what he saw; and both his pictures and his judgments have a real interest and importance.

This interest and importance are immensely enhanced by the fact that Trollope was present at the great and tragic change that altered Ireland out of knowledge. He knew the country before the famine; he knew it ten years later when the population was reduced by nearly two millions in eight. The first two of his novels were written before the potato crop failed; in the third, scenes of great hunger make a background against which the main characters pass. That is not all. His last novel, like his first, had an Irish scene: *The Land Leaguers* is unfinished, yet quite enough of it remains to illustrate the first phase of the long-drawn-out revolution that ended only the other day. Of the revolution itself there is not the least comprehension; but he gives us an admirable picture of the society that the revolution broke up.

Forty years, roughly speaking, lay between the writing of the first of these books and the last, and we have Trollope's observation given before the famine, after the famine, again in 1876 when the country was at its quietest, and lastly in the fierce beginnings of the land war.

The first of the four novels, despite its 'prentice handling, is in some respects the least unsatisfactory, just because it is least hampered by that dualism in Irish life that perhaps ex-

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plains why Irish literature has produced so few good novels. All the personages in *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* are in natural relation to each other because they all belong to the same Ireland. Ussher, indeed, in a sense the villain of the piece, is a Protestant, but he is a policeman — the true connecting link between the two Irelands of last century. All the rest are Catholics; and Trollope, because he was an Englishman, had less of the prepossession against Catholics than was common among Protestants of his class at that time in Ireland. He notes in his autobiography that shortly after he came to Banagher he dined with a Roman Catholic, and was told shortly after by another acquaintance that he must 'choose his party'; he 'could not sit at both Protestant and Catholic tables.' 'Such a caution,' he adds 'would now (in 1876) be impossible in any part of Ireland.' It is very evident that even in 1843 Trollope disregarded it; and though he had no sympathy whatever with the Catholic outlook on life, he saw Catholic Ireland with the eyes of a fair and friendly Englishman.

Ballycloran House is a sort of counterpart to Castle Rackrent. Miss Edgeworth pictures the gradual decline of one of the improvident Anglo-Irish gentry, heirs of the great confiscations. Macdermot of Ballycloran was something much rarer than Sir Condy Rackrent — being, as Trollope puts it, 'a true Milesian, pious Catholic, and descendant of King Somebody, who had managed through all the troubles of his poor country to keep a comfortable little portion of his ancestral royalties.' That is Trollope's way of describing what he had undoubtedly met, — for his invention is everywhere based on observation, — one of the old princely families that had retained some landed property, by the connivance of Protestant friends, and was now in the landlord class — yet not quite of it; for, as he says in *The Land Leaguers*, by the judgment of the old-fashioned gentry, 'it was the business of a Protestant to take rent, and the business of a Catholic to pay rent.'

Larry Macdermot was really of the spurious class 'to be found in shoals through the country speaking of their properties and boasting of their places, but who owned no properties, and had no places, when the matter came to be sifted.' He and his — his decent son with no education, set to screw rents out of starving tenants instead of working with his own head or hands, and his good-looking daughter whom a convent school had taught to play the piano and read novels — were all on their way to disappear, or sink into the peasant class. Thady, the son, is shown as having the makings of a good peasant farmer, or a stout soldier, but tragedy comes across his life — he kills the man who had misled his sister, and hangs for it. Incidentally he is drawn into a Ribbon Society, and Trollope's picture of this peasant conspiracy is well constructed and in accordance with the facts of Irish life.

Many of the facts were unpleasing to this denizened alien, who did not take everything for granted. Trollope did not approve of the type of police force, nor of its methods — especially disliking its use of informers. On all such matters he never hesitates to interrupt his story and give his plain opinion, which has interest but not necessarily authority. Authority, however, does attach to the descriptions set down by such an observer, and many of them are like nightmares. The Ireland with eight and a quarter million people, a good quarter of them paupers, was a ghastly country. This Englishman, whose Irish friends were chiefly of the landlord class, was shocked to find honorable men taking rent from such

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people and from such habitations as he pictured in this first book — written two years before the famine. Yet even then hunger was the main fact of Irish life. When Thady is out 'on his keeping' food is brought to him — bacon and some potatoes.

Thady ate a portion of what was given him, and as he did so he saw the old man's greedy eyes glare on him, as he still sat in his accustomed seat; it was quite horrible to see how greedy and ravenous he appeared. Thady, however, left far more than he consumed, and the girl, carefully putting the bit of bread away for his breakfast in the morning, divided the remnant of the bacon with her father. Then the man's apathy and tranquillity vanished, and the voracity with which he devoured the unaccustomed dainty showed that though he might have no demon thoughts to rack his brain, the vulture in his stomach tortured him as violently.

That has on it the stamp, not of invention, but of dreadful reminiscence. Trollope had evidently seen that ravenous glare somewhere in his comings and goings. Such people in the ordinary course of their lives had nothing to eat but 'lumpers' — that is, the poorest and most watery kind of potato. Potatoes always ran short in summer, between the two crops. But in 1846 and after Trollope saw a time when lumpers and every kind of potato failed altogether. *Castle Richmond* is the *locus classicus* in literature for description of the Irish famine; for it renders, not only the facts of destitution, but the state of mind among those who were not destitute, reproduced with a simplicity that makes one rub one's eyes. Surely the Manchester school begot the strangest of all philosophies that allied itself amazingly with a smug religion. Here is a leading passage describing April 1847: —

It was a busy month in Ireland. It may probably be said that so large a sum of money had never been circulated in the country in any one month since money had been known there; and yet it may also be said that so frightful a mortality had never occurred there from the want of what money brings. It was well understood by all men now that the customary food of the country had disappeared. There was no longer any difference of opinion between rich and poor, between Protestant and Roman Catholic; as to that, no man dared now to say that the poor, if left to themselves, could feed themselves, or to allege that the sufferings of the country arose from the machinations of money-making speculators. The famine was an established fact, and all men knew that it was God's doings — all men knew this, though few could recognize as yet with how much mercy God's hand was stretched out over the country.

Trollope never departed from the opinion that he expressed publicly at the time, that the English Government had taken the wisest measures to cope with the situation. He did not blame the Irish; he took it all as part of 'God's mercy.' And he was convinced that Ireland was morally and materially the better for this visitation. The peasant had survived and was better off, but 'it is with thorough rejoicing, almost with triumph, that I declare that the idle genteel class has been driven forth out of its holding into the wide world and punished with the penalty of extermination.' These are hard words. But he was all for the prosperous, respectable, steady-going landlord, and he thought that agents did their work 'as a rule, honestly.' It never entered his mind that the peasant class should oust the landlords from their position of authority. In *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* he draws a picture of well-to-do Irish Catholic folk, and the widow Kelly, with her shop and her daughters, and her son, Martin, with his big farm, are decent Irish people, seen with a friendly eye, but seen across a barrier. Trollope approves



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them, but approves them specially because Mrs. Kelly will not allow them to be spoken of as 'ladies.' He is quite glad to see them enter in upon the place of the drunken spendthrift squireen, Barry Lynch, but I do not think he realizes how easily such a household produces in the next generation as finished ladies and gentlemen as can be found.

In the Ireland that he knew, the Roman Catholic was, as such, regarded as 'inferior in standing' even though he was, like Sir Nicholas Bodkin in *The Land Leaguers*, a baronet of long-established family. 'It was the business of a Protestant to take rent, and the business of a Catholic to pay rent.' Trollope records that sentiment, with a suggestion that its logic was not apparent to the Englishman. But none the less he was all for the old order and the Ireland of gentlemen and sportsmen — with Protestants and Catholics in their normal positions. There will not easily be found a more powerful piece of description than that which introduces 'Black Daly,' Master of the Galway Blazers, nor a better chapter than the telling how Daly found the hunt stopped by the Land League. I defy the most extreme Nationalist, unless he were a thin bigot, to refuse sympathy to that grim, melancholy, devoted figure, confronted with what seemed to him the end of hunting — and of the world.

Well, neither the end of the world nor of hunting has come in Ireland, though Irish packs are, perhaps, more often than not kept by an Englishman, generally some Englishman who, like Trollope, has fallen in love with Ireland. But there is an end of the social order that Trollope knew. Some chapters of *The Land Leaguers* give very well the impact of the revolution, or rather the first lapping-up of its tide on the protecting dykes. But as a whole the book has no value. Trollope judged these later phenomena from a distance, he was not living among them; had he been, it is doubtful whether he would have comprehended them. Irish history was a sealed book to him — as to most of the Irish with whom he associated.

There is every reason to be thankful that Trollope did not waste more time on stories of Irish life. He avoided them because he knew they were unpopular. 'I cannot understand why it should be so,' he says in his autobiography, 'as the Irish character is peculiarly well fitted for romance.' That may, or may not, be true; but what had Anthony Trollope to do with romance? His invention belonged to the regions of prose, unheightened by any pulse of rhythm; but about scenes of English life it worked genially and naturally, with sure if limited comprehension. In Ireland his mind had to deal with the juxtaposition of two nations, in contact but not blended; and one of those nations was, by religion and by history, unknown and alien to this Englishman, who in consequence never gave us a story of Irish life in which all the parts harmonized and grew naturally into and out of each other. Yet, despite this literary defect, he had qualities of vision, of sympathy, and of honest understanding, that enabled him to describe phases of Irish social history with more justice than any other Englishman — indeed, than almost any Irishman — of his time.

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# SIENESE NOTES[1]

BY E. V. LUCAS

SIENA fulfills, in the most fascinating and enchanting manner, two of the requirements of the traveler in search of mediæval romantic cities — it is built on a hill, and it is surrounded by a wall. The hill is immense, with more than one summit, and the wall is intact. If you wander out through one of the gates, — as I carelessly did one morning, expecting to reënter when I would by an ordinary breach, — you must walk to the next before you can enter again; and the next is a long way off. Not only are the walls intact, but immediately outside them the country begins: vines, figs, olives, oxen, and the brown earth with peasants at work on it. There is no debatable allotment ground: *città* one minute; *podesta* the next.

All this, in these days, — and especially to anyone who may have come to Siena from, say, Milan, where civilization is assertive and noisy, — is very much to the good. Even better is the discovery that, within its massive ramparts, Siena is still a stronghold of antiquity. There may be newspapers, motor-cars with the most discordant horns, cinemas, and electric light; but the streets are still narrow and paved entirely with blocks of grooved stone; there are no sidewalks; and although little clattering horses and carts and donkeys and mules are everywhere, it is a point of honor with the Sienese, who are a healthy, independent, incurious folk, not to expect them to be there at all, and to make with the utmost deliberateness the least possible room for them to pass. Add to this that it is a city of massive palaces, rising sheer from the narrow streets, some of extreme beauty and still in perfect repair, although none are now occupied by such families as they were built for, and — here is the wonder — a city of cleanliness and unimpeachable water.

If Siena were not often so painfully steep, walking in it would, to lovers of architecture, be the pleasantest pursuit imaginable, for there is always a discovery to be made — a courtyard, a gateway, a window, a relief, a wrought-iron bracket, a piece of carving, a church that somehow you had missed before. Or a vista. And on its human side it touches hands with antiquity too, the old crafts still being carried on in the old quarters. Tanning seems to be a local industry, judging by the loads of skins that one meets and the pungent odor that often fills the air. The more friendly aroma of the mews is more common, for, although motor-cars hoot with peculiar virulence, Siena in reality belongs still to its little horses. It is a city of unexpected stables. Small shops are still the rule, just big enough for a living without anxiety. Among these, fruiterers' are numerous, glowing with color and continually surprising a Northerner by their cheapness. Cobblers are numerous too, and no wonder when you consider the Sienese granite and the Sienese gradients.

The presence in the streets of so

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *January* 3, 10, 17



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many representations of Romulus and Remus extracting nourishment from their foster mother — you see this group on the tops of columns again and again, in relief on houses, and in pictorial form — is due to the circumstance that Siena claims to have been founded by Senus, Remus's son. Of these representations of the she-wolf and the twins, perhaps the one in colored marbles inlaid in the floor of the Cathedral is the most dignified; but I like an ancient sculpture in the Museo del Opera, where the artist has departed from the ordinary treatment and has caught Romulus and Remus in a moment of repletion, leaving them free to fondle their deputy parent with no hint of cupboard love.

None of the great Italian churches ever suggests a crowd of worshipers, but I think that Siena's three immense fanes — the Duomo, St. Agostino, and St. Domenico — give a completer impression of emptiness than any in the whole country. In the case of St. Agostino and St. Domenico, this may be due to the care with which they are tended, intense cleanliness and light emphasizing the absence of pews or chairs. Both are vast, and both are mere shells, with immensities of red floor space, and a series of altars in the nave and chapels in the choir, each with an Old Master in perfect condition. The emptiness of these great red floors may strike into the visitor — and particularly the Protestant visitor — a certain chill; but when he enters the Duomo he is grateful, for otherwise he could not see the famous mosaics that cover it, and which, not inaptly, have been called the Bible in marble. I say mosaic, but to anyone coming here from Venice, with the rich and restless tessellated pavement of St. Mark's in mind, the word would be confusing. The two cathedrals could hardly be more opposed in decoration — St. Mark's all gold and color and Oriental caprice, with its multicolored floor billowing up and down, and Siena self-respecting and austere, with its pavement strictly level and frigid in tone. If St. Mark's is in mosaic, this is merely in inlay. The famous *graffiti* are on such a scale that it is impossible to see them whole; one has to move over the canvas — so to speak — to understand them. Only from a cradle suspended from the roof could one really appreciate their power and vigor. But they are an unfailing source of interest, and the more so if one makes a study of the reproductions in little that hang in the Museo del Opera, where a plan of the whole cathedral as it was so nobly conceived and authorized by the Sienese in 1322, but so much of which remains unfinished, may also be consulted.

Tastes will differ as to the most interesting of the Biblical illustrations. I found myself again and again tracing out the horrors of the 'Massacre of the Innocents' by Matteo de Giovanni; but Beccafumi's 'Children of Israel in the Wilderness,' and Domenico de Niccolo's 'Judgment of Solomon' are likewise inexhaustible to the earth-creeping investigator. Perhaps the most amusing is the 'Absalom' of Pietro del Minella, the fatal coiffure having a new interest since the rise of the Fascisti, whose young bloods tend to a shock of hair carefully trained upward and crimped, quite in the Absalom style. I must not say that they derived their fashion in hair from the Siena Cathedral pavement, but they might have done so. They might also have found it in the spirited drawing of the Wind in one of the music books in the Cathedral library, although equally it might have come from our old friend Struwwelpeter.

The inlaid masterpieces of the floor are not the only pictorial allurements of the Duomo. One must go thither also to see the Pinturicchios, which are

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divided between the little chapel of St. John the Baptist and the Library where the illuminated psalters are kept. In the Library is Pinturicchio's famous series of paintings representing scenes in the life of Pius II (1458–1464), whose family name was Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, and whose family palace in the Via de Città still stands, in this antiseptic air, exactly as he must have known it, at any rate externally; but inside transformed to suit the purposes of the Banca d'Italia.

Bernardino Pinturicchio comes not too well out of Vasari's *Lives*. He was among those artists — Sodoma, also a Sienese hero, is another — against whom the biographer had a grudge; but to us he is nothing but a benefactor and dispenser of delight. According to Vasari, he was an indifferent painter, whose principal idea was to please his exalted patrons, whether princes or Popes, not minding whether, in doing so, he contravened the canons of art. Vasari also attributes his death to pique and disappointment at not participating in the spoil — five hundred golden ducats — that burst from a chest in the painting-room set apart for him by the monks at San Francesco, also in Siena. Finally, Vasari roundly states that Raphael, who had been invited to assist in this work in the Piccolomini series, and who was then (1505) twenty-two, Pinturicchio being fifty-one, made all the designs and did much of the work; but there is no reason to believe this. Yet Raphael's hand certainly is to be found there, and might have remained to enrich Siena through commissions of his own but for his excitement on hearing that Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo were in competition over a battle piece to be painted for the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence; and off he went to see the fun.

Delightful and sparkling and triumphant as is the Pius II series, I think that I prefer Pinturicchio's quieter and tenderer paintings in the chapel of St. John the Baptist, depicting scenes in the life of the saint — his birth, standing immediately, as though to foretell his destiny, in his little basin, while one nurse bathes him and another waits with a towel to dry the tiny mystic; his isolation in the desert among deer and wild flowers; and his preachings in the wilderness, one of his listeners being a thoughtful boy carrying something very like a Wessex thumb-stick. All these are very sweet and gentle. And then there is the famous picture of the young knight in armor making his devotions, which is so familiar in reproductions — the knight being Alberti Arringhieri.

Pinturicchio is also to be found at the Accademia, and although the Sodomas will, I suppose, always be the most popular pictures there with the Sienese, few strangers omit to stop at the photograph stall as they pass out, to buy a reproduction, in full or in detail, of Pinturicchio's 'Holy Family' with the adorable little Jesus and Saint John in it. This picture must be known all over the world.

The work of Sodoma is everywhere, always accomplished and with a certain charm and sweetness, but I find it impossible to think of it as even of the second class. And impossible also to believe that the artist brought to it any depth of feeling or any rapture. Dipping into Vasari, I find that Sodoma was his particular black beast. He can find almost nothing good to say of him, and elevates Beccafumi by contrast. Beccafumi was sincere, painstaking, pious, his only defect being that he was 'somewhat excessively disposed to solitude'; Giannantonio Bazzi, known as Sodoma, was frivolous, careless, and given to tomfoolery. Beccafumi was always busy and continually experimenting — he died of overwork while laboring at a new medium; Sodoma

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painted as little as was necessary and as quickly as possible, and then got back to his practical jokes, his horse-racing, — at which he was very successful, gaining many cups which he was so vain as to exhibit in his window — and his menagerie.

This collection of animals, which Vasari cannot forgive, included badgers, squirrels, apes, cat-a-mountains, dwarf asses, horses and barbs, magpies, dwarf chickens, tortoises, and Indian doves. The painter also had a raven that counterfeited his master's voice to perfection, and especially when anyone knocked at the door. In short, 'the dwelling of this man seemed like the very ark of Noah.' None the less, Sodoma, by his personal charm, his facility, and a certain agreeable quality in his pictures, which often prove him to have had greater gifts than he was generally concerned to employ, obtained commissions on every hand, and in spite of his reputation as a *blagueur* and playboy was actually chosen by the general of the monks of Monte Oliveto to complete a pictorial life of Saint Benedict begun by no less a moralist and whole-hearted devotee of art and rectitude than Luca Signorelli.

One of the longer excursions from Siena is to the monastery where these frescoes are to be seen. It is fifteen miles away through hilly country, with here and there a white farmhouse, and here and there a village, and always the sentinel cypress. The journey in the old days of horses must have been very tedious; even in the modern car it is long enough to have monotony. The last few miles are spent in climbing winding roads, with occasional halts while sheep reluctantly make way. And at length the monastery is seen, with cypresses, no longer singly, but in battalions, thronging about it, set on a terrace ridge in a forest, amid vast steepnesses, a bleak, drear settlement of recluses bent upon the worship of God; and once again one marvels — the feeling is recurrent in Italy — at the indomitable energy of this nation of builders.

The monastery is no longer a living force; only a few monks remain; and the place suggests desolation. I was there on a peculiarly forbidding day of rain and wind, and my impression is therefore gloomy; but even in sunshine one must be aware of decay and emptiness. The frescoes are in the cloisters, with insufficient protection from the weather, so that some are in bad repair and a few obliterated in places. As an illustrated biography of Saint Benedict the series is complete: no salient episode as related by Saint Gregory has been neglected by the two artists. Personally, I think Luca's representation of Benedict recognizing Totila is the masterpiece, but many of Sodoma's are very engaging and debonair, if not conspicuously pious; and it is easy to believe that the monks of Monte Oliveto, who enjoyed watching him both at work and play, were not improved in discipline during the progress of his task.

I said something just now about the indomitable Italian builder, and truly Siena itself is another proof of his courage and persistence. Not only is its architecture beautiful, in gross and in detail, but it has a superb solidity. I have spoken of its surrounding walls. Equally massive are the walls of that formidable fortress on the edge of the city, — formidable in the past, when assailants had to approach it from the valley, but now like all other fortresses rendered futile by the airplanes, — the ramparts of which are a popular resort, especially on fine Sundays. It is good to see these blocks of stone after the rapid steel-girder building-methods in use nowadays in England and America. One side of the fort was once a *pallone* court, but Siena has no *pallone* to-day, and when I was there those who would

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bet had to go to a murky little hall called the Tennys Ball, where half a dozen girls vied with each other in hitting a ball with a racket into holes in a board some four yards distant, and you put your money on Lilly or Minnie, Mary or Rosie, as your fancy directed. As a substitute for the brave efforts of *battitore* and *spalla* in the real game, they were poor indeed; but the odds can be even greater than at *pallone*, which, as a medium of speculation, must be very disappointing to a gambler of any pluck.

Siena's dominating structures, as seen from any distance, are its two lovely towers — the black and white marble campanile of the Duomo, rising so confidently above the great cathedral itself, which, in its turn, crowns a precipitous rock; and the Torre del Mangio of red brick, which, in the same way, completes the Palazzo Pubblico, on the border of the great Piazza del Campo, or, as it now is, the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, where the *palia* races are run, and where is a reconstruction of the fountain that won for Jacopo della Quercia — who stands to Siena much in the same relation as Brunelleschi to Florence and Sansovino to Venice — his name of Jacopo della Fonte. Jacopo's hand is to be seen everywhere, but never to more advantage than in the font in the Baptistery, to which Ghiberti and Donatello also contributed. Two of the four *putti* that Donatello designed are missing. According to Herr Baedeker, — who ought to know, — one of them is now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, and it would be interesting to learn how it found its way there. The whereabouts of the other is a mystery, and I can think of few more fascinating commissions to hand to Dr. Sherlock Holmes than to trace it to its present home.

I have had the good fortune to see many beautiful towers in the world, from the minarets of Agra and Delhi to the home of Big Ben, from the campanili of Ravenna and Torcello, St. Mark's and St. Giorgio Maggiore, to the spire of Salisbury, from the Giralda at Seville to the belfry at Bruges, but none remains in the memory more graciously than Siena's twain. They are not quite so imposing as their cousins at Florence — Giotto's tower and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio; but they are not less beautiful. Indeed, the Torre del Mangio has a loveliness lacking at the Palazzo Vecchio; it springs upward with such ease, it is so slender and so light-hearted.

The Torre del Mangio, which takes its name from the figure, now no more, that used to strike the hours, was built by the brothers Di Rinaldo, of Perugia, in the first half of the fourteenth century. It is three hundred and thirty feet high, of red brick for the first long flight, and then there is a white-stone corbeled capital, and above that a white-stone crown — which in itself would add glory to any ordinary building. On the top of all is the great bell in an iron cage. The triumph of the Torre del Mangio is the more remarkable when one realizes that it rises, so to speak, from the lowlands, and yet from a distance is so commandingly lofty, although then it has to bear comparison with the campanile of the Duomo, which is helped by its naturally exalted position. The campanile is as decorative as the Torre del Mangio is simple; it is built of white and black marble in horizontal stripes, and, but for an ingenious and entirely successful architectural device, might have been restless and heavy. This device was to graduate the framework of the windows — of which there are six on each of the four façades — so that in the top story there are six arches, in the fifth five, in the forth four, and so on down to the lowest window of all, which is

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but a single narrow one. They are graduated also in height, the top ones being the highest. The result is that the eye is carried upward toward an expanding and more impressive effect with each change. It is as though the wider windows lift the narrower.

Coming to Siena, as one often does, from Venice or Florence, there is one strange lack. You know how, in St. Mark's Square, in Venice, when the clock strikes noon the gun at the arsenal — sometimes before it, sometimes in the middle, and often when the notes have finished — booms out, and all the pigeons rise in a gray wind; you know how, in Florence, where time is of more importance than in the Adriatic City of the Sun, as the noonday gun is heard every man's head is for a moment bent — not in devotion, but in consultation of his watch. Well, in Siena, finding myself in the Piazza del Campo a little before twelve, I stood in a doorway opposite the Torre del Mangio to see what happened there when the gun went off. Standing there, I noticed that the myriad holes left in the brickwork of the tower, either for scaffolding or for the fixing of the marble veneer that may, or may not, have been intended, were now the homes of jackdaws, whose sharp cries to each other filled the air just as they do in an English cathedral close. At noon I expected to see every jackdaw fly out, with some of the same affectation of fright — or at any rate, surprise — as the Venetian pigeons; but I was disappointed, for there was no gun. The clock struck, and that was all. I must say that I disapprove of this. Every Italian city should have its noonday gun. The lack of it is Siena's only defect.

## COMMUNION

BY PERCY RIPLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

High lifted up, high lifted up,
The branches made a jetty cup,
Triumphant night advancing free
Turned spray and branch to tracery;

And looking up, and looking up,
Under the strong inscribed cup
Of many branches cleanly tost,
I saw, as light was almost lost,

In darkness root, in shadow crown,
But out of darkness cleanly thrown,
Straightness and strength, and lifted up
On life itself, the spirit's cup.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## MR. WELLS RETORTS

WRITERS of memoirs who introduce living personalities into their pages cannot count on the immunity to correction they would enjoy if they confined themselves to the great dead. And even within the limits of such daring, they can choose between toying with explosives and leaving them alone. Apparently the first alternative was the one Mr. Poultney Bigelow chose in his recent volume, *Seventy Summers*. According to Mr. H. G. Wells, venting his indignation in the columns of the *Daily Herald*, Mr. Bigelow is guilty of having misrepresented him unconscionably in a passage relating a conversation at Lady Russell's in London.

These are the offending paragraphs from Mr. Bigelow's book: —

'Mr. H. G. Wells radiated material prosperity and mental serenity. Of all the roomful at Lady Russell's, where were several notable artists in brush no less than pen, he was perhaps the only one who would have been picked out by a physiognomist as a lucky stockbroker or traveling salesman. He chatted pleasantly of the fabulous amounts forced on him by paradoxical publishers; of his recently published *Outline of History;* of the hundreds of periodicals in every corner of the world clamoring for his pages.

'Verily, it was all as in a fairy tale gone mad! We stood in a window recess with a splendid view of the Thames from Westminster down to the Tower, and one of us — I think it was Anthony Hope — expressed regret that so glorious a landscape and such graceful arches as characterized the stone bridges should be marred by a rectangular iron railway structure crossing the stream in the foreground.

'Mr. H. G. Wells interrupted him.

'"Oh!" exclaimed he, dramatically, "how can you utter such words! To me a railway has the elements of sublimity — it represents the finest quality of our people — it is eloquent — it means *Progress!*"

H. G. WELLS
[Low in the *New Statesman*]



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'The blow was a comparatively light one to a New Yorker; but Anthony Hope winced; his eyebrows lifted just a little, and on his lips rested the enigmatical smile that Leonardo da Vinci immortalized on the Gioconda.'

Not unnaturally, Mr. Wells has taken umbrage at this piece of reporting, and written to the *Daily Herald* in the following terms: —

'Some little while ago, I met a Mr. Poultney Bigelow at Lady Russell's flat in London. He sought an introduction to me, and commenced forthwith to saw at me with ill-mannered inquiries about my "sales," my income, and suchlike impertinences. He had got hold of some nonsense about the extraordinary "prices" paid to me, and he pressed me about these stories. In some way they had made him malicious.

'I did my best to convey to him that he had as much right to pester me about these things as to ask where I had bought my trousers, or whether I had an overdraft at my bank. After a time I succeeded in stunning or killing these tentatives to vulgarity, and then he proceeded to discuss the view from Lady Russell's window.

'Change of topic meant no change of quality in his discourse. Charing Cross Bridge was ugly, materialistic, rectangular. (To people like Mr. Bigelow anything curved is more beautiful than anything rectangular.)

'"That bridge," said I, exasperated beyond endurance, "at sundown, or in twilight, can be the most beautiful and romantic thing in the world. Have you no eyes? There was an American named Whistler, who could have made even you see the loveliness of it. And have you never thought of all that has gone to and fro on it, since first it was made?"

'After that I somehow got rid of Mr. Bigelow, and thought no more about him. But he carried off a resentment. I find newspapers sent to me with marked paragraphs, and I discover that Mr. Poultney Bigelow has produced reminiscences of *Seventy Summers* and made me the hero of an "amusing story." Mr. Poultney Bigelow gets his own back for the chagrin about these quite imaginary "prices" and my disentangling manner. His "amusing story" is written in verjuice.

'I am represented as a large travelling-salesman sort of person pervading Lady Russell's party with violent boasting about these same "prices" that so gall Mr. Bigelow, — that is the sort of person he wanted me to be, and that is the sort of person he means me to be if lying can do it, — and when the "refained" remarks about Charing Cross Bridge come in — they are very generously ascribed to Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, who is quite incapable of such stupidities — I am represented as endangering the furniture by dramatic gestures and declaring that a railway "represents the finest quality of our people; it is eloquent — it means *Progress!*"

'Thereupon Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, whom I do not remember there at all, is said to have smiled like the Gioconda, — Anthony must practise this, — and the incident terminated.

'Now, it would do little harm to have Mr. Bigelow repeating this silly story to the sort of people who frequent him, or to have him writing it down in a costly book of reminiscences that only the very strangest people will read. But tales of this sort have a fatal fascination for the journalist, and I find Mr. Bigelow's bit of malicious twaddle spreading.

'I may be oversensitive, but I do not like to have this quotation going from paper to paper and a false picture of myself as a shouting, boasting nuisance at tea-parties circulated far and

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wide, simply because I failed to delight openly in Mr. Poultney Bigelow. Considering what a bore he was, and how rude he was, I was quite decent to him. I suppose the thing is a libel, and a damaging libel, but life is too short to chase libels.

'I launch this paragraph, therefore, in pursuit of his anecdote and leave the affair to the gods. If these explanations can overtake and pin themselves on to Mr. Bigelow's "amusing story" for good, I feel that the latter will lose little of its interest and much of its harm. American papers, please copy.'

♣

### A RUSSIAN POET

THE suicide, the other day, of the young Russian poet, Sergei Esenin, was the tragic culmination of a stormy, brilliant, and unhappy career, not unlike the popular conception of a poet's life. At the time of the Bolshevist revolution, Esenin had left Russia to wander about Europe and America in a boisterous happy-go-lucky way, and had made himself conspicuous in more than one capital as a whole-hearted supporter of the Soviet régime. But for some six years — during which he became the husband of a famous dancer and the hero of many picturesque escapades — he was sufficiently content with his voluntary expatriation.

In 1923 Esenin began to feel the stirrings of a restless homesickness for the distressful country he had abandoned so cavalierly. On his return he was met with open arms and lionized as the poet of the Revolution. It looked as if he had an excellent chance of becoming a kind of poet laureate. Nothing of the sort did in fact happen. Esenin, the son of a poor peasant, born in a remote and primitive village, experienced nothing but the bitterest disillusion in contemplating the state of affairs in his home — a disillusion that vented itself in such lines as these: 'So this is our country! What on earth made me protest that I and my people were friends? Now it looks as if I had no need of them — and they had still less need of me!'

The poems he wrote after his return to Russia are the painful record of a heartbreaking process of accepting this fact — this fundamental cleavage in purpose between a poet and his people. If Esenin's genius had been less authentic than it was, he could no doubt have survived this knowledge; as it was, he had lost the sense of playing a significant intellectual rôle — and he was capable of playing no other. One day this winter he opened his veins and bled to death. His suicide called forth expressions of sincere grief, not only from the official organs at home, but from the emigrant papers abroad — and the subjects on which these two unite are very rare indeed.

It is said that when Esenin's body was carried past Pushkin's monument on the way to the cemetery in Moscow, where the Government arranged a stately official funeral, the pallbearers — who were probably fellow poets — made a complete round of the monument, as if allowing Esenin, whose genius had been cut off as prematurely as had that of Russia's greatest poet, to take leave of his spiritual ancestor.

♣

### THE 'ROSENKAVALIER' AS A MOVIE

THREE men of distinguished talents, if not of genius, participated in the production of one of the most interesting artistic events of the winter in Europe — the film version of Richard Strauss's light opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*. The original book, modified by the author for the new purpose, was the work of

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the poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal; the direction of the filming was in the hands of Robert Wiene, of *Dr. Caligari* fame; and the composer himself not only adapted his music to the picture, but composed three new pieces for it. These are a military march, a ballet suite, and a battle piece.

To judge from comment in the German papers, the experiment — which was an adventurous one — proved itself justified by the outcome. 'The film is unmistakably convincing,' says Hans Steinsdorff in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 'because it obeys its own laws, and is not merely the slavish reproduction of the opera on the screen. . . . The perfume of sentimentality hovers about it, and every now and then one is reminded irresistibly of Watteau or of Dresden porcelain. The loveliest, most charming pictures move before us. Robert Wiene proves that he has an instinctive sense of the demands of his medium, and that he realizes where the relatively artificial possibilities of the movies lie.'

Other critics regard the film as a triumphant demonstration that the film opera or film ballet is possible as an artistic genre. 'The fact that a musician of the rank of Richard Strauss,' writes Paul Stefan in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 'has written music for a film, or has even allowed his music to be adapted to such purposes, is surely a step on the road to film music for its own sake, and if only for that reason the *Rosenkavalier* picture has made history.'

The première of the new film took place at the Dresden State Opera, which had been the scene of the premières of *Salomé*, *Elektra*, and of the original *Rosenkavalier* itself. The occasion was graced by the presence of the composer himself at the conductor's desk.

### JOHN HOWARD OR SAINT PETER?

LONDON recently celebrated the bicentenary of the birth of one of its greatest citizens — the eighteenth-century prison-reformer, John Howard, whose labors were the beginning of modern penology. The occasion reminded a writer in the *Times* that the first two statues erected as monuments in St. Paul's — when at last the objections of the Dean and Chapter to such 'popish practices' were overridden — were statues of Doctor Johnson and John Howard. The sculptor who executed both pieces intended to represent his subjects in contemporary costume and with literal realism, but the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was chairman of the committee charged with the task, vetoed this procedure as inconsistent with the fundamental principles of sculpture. As a result the two Londoners are represented in flowing classical drapery, the one bearing an emblematic key, the other a scroll, and visitors to the Cathedral ever since have not unjustifiably mistaken them for Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

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### A NEW ITALIAN PIANIST

MARIO CECCARELLI is the name of a young pianist, just over nineteen years of age, who has already acquired the title of 'maestro' and is director of the orchestra of a lyric hall in Rome. A native of that city, he was recommended some years ago to Traversi, professor of the Academy of Santa Cecilia, and with this teacher and the lamented Busoni he studied quietly until some months ago, when he performed with the most brilliant success at the Sala Sgambati. A concert by the young player at the Augusteo in January was one of the chief events of the musical season.

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# THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

**Politicians and the Press**, by Lord Beaverbrook. London: Hutchinson. 1*s*.

'SINCE the late Mr. Kennedy Jones wrote on *Downing Street and Fleet Street* at more length and with less gusto,' says J. L. Garvin in the *Observer*, 'there has been nothing like Lord Beaverbrook's confessions of a proprietor. . . . The preface disclaims "revelations and indiscretions," but our commentator is nothing if not familiar, and takes care to remind the statesmen that at one time or another he has lived with most of them on pretty easy terms. . . . Lord Beaverbrook's claim is that he was the chief maker and unmaker of ministries from the Armistice to 1923. He is sure that he brought about the fall of Mr. Lloyd George, — now accepted as regenerate, — and is not sure that he did not bring about the collapse of the German mark a year before it occurred.'

*Politicians and the Press* is clearly not only an entertaining little volume on the personal side, but a significant exposure of the real influence of journalism on politics, as well as of one conspicuous journalist's views as to what that influence ought to be. Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, in the *Spectator*, after observing that the two forms of publicity demanded by newspaper-readers are honest news as to the world's affairs and honest and incorrupt comment upon the news, proceeds: —

> Although he comes very near to seeing and expressing this in his book about the Public and the Press, Lord Beaverbrook just shies off at the critical moment. He fully agrees that a newspaper ought to give its readers the news and ought to be independent, but, like so many politicians, he does not very accurately analyze his own views. After stating the proper view about journalistic independence, he drifts off into arguments that come perilously near to being a plea for government by newspaper. In effect he adopts the opinion that it is the business of the journalist to dictate the nation's policy, and to force it upon the government. He seems to regard governments with a kind of pathetic sympathy, as persons who cannot be expected to do the honest thing, or even the wise thing, unless they can be assured of newspaper support. Ministers are apparently to be considered as belonging to that type of leader who considers that his main business is to follow — the type who can always excuse himself by saying, 'I did not do what I knew was the right and the best thing, because I had no assurance that I should get support.'

I must hasten to say that, though Lord Beaverbrook takes this distorted view of the functions of a newspaper, he does not deserve strong condemnation for so doing. He can very well excuse himself by saying, 'I am dealing with facts. I find that governments cannot, or will not, act unless the ground has been prepared for them by newspaper pioneers and guides. Therefore it is the duty of the newspapers to lead, and in fact very often to govern.' It is nevertheless a fatal and hopeless position, though no doubt it is due to the weakness of the politicians rather than to anything malignant on the part of the newspapers. Somebody has got to lead, to show the way, and, if ministers will not do it, one can hardly blame others for taking on the job.

I have chosen as a text for this review the Biblical denunciation of the sons of Levi, who took too much upon themselves. Prime ministers and cabinets are to be as severely condemned, because they take too little upon themselves, as are newspaper proprietors for taking too much. Why do not governments keep the newspaper in its proper place — that of critic and exploiter of publicity, that is, news-vendor? Instead they try to pick up a policy out of what they call 'public opinion.' But public opinion, as was said by an eighteenth-century satirist, is too



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often nothing but 'a mixture of prejudice and newspaper paragraphs.' For governments, in brief, public opinion has come to mean merely press opinion.

The politician can, unfortunately, find plausible excuses for his timidity and unwillingness to lead. 'What is the use of beating one's head against a brick wall? We can do only those things for which we can get public endorsement. If we are not careful, the press will so distort our opinions and actions, or, at any rate, will so excite the temper of the public, that we shall never get the necessary endorsement. Therefore we must at all costs have a good press.'

I venture to say that this view of the omnipotence of the press, though a very pleasant one for the journalist, is entirely erroneous. The voters are not controlled by the newspapers. Whenever an attempt to create such control has been made it has failed. Take the great case of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform campaign. Mr. Chamberlain eventually got the whole, or practically the whole, of the Unionist press, except the *Spectator*, on his side and also most of the nonparty papers. Further, owing to various circumstances, he had what appeared to be a very weak Liberal press against him. But, though some couple of hundred newspapers were daily and weekly writing Tariff Reform articles and were representing public opinion as entirely with him, what they were really doing was leading him on to his doom. Like the prophets of Baal, they were all 'sending him in a compliment to be knocked on the head at Ramoth-Gilead.' In spite of the apparently irresistible press, the Tariff Reformers were pulverized at the polls. John Bull had read his twenty or thirty thousand leaders in favor of Tariff Reform and against Free Trade and had not turned a hair. The press can gain great successes only by accurately reflecting the opinion of its readers, and that means by a successful diagnosis of public opinion. Here, no doubt, skill, courage, and insight come in, and make the best guesser of public opinion the best journalist.

It is because Lord Beaverbrook does not see that the newspapers have failed, and are failing, in their prime duty of publicity, and that they must enlighten, but not attempt directly to lead, that his book requires a corrective. In other respects it is extremely able and full of good things, and gives a very rational explanation of many dark points in our history since the Armistice. Of course, it is only one side of the story that he gives us, and it may be that when in the memoirs of the future we hear the other we shall find a great deal of divergent matter. Further, there are many matters left dark upon which we should have liked information. For example, we want much to hear from Lord Beaverbrook the truth as to the overthrow of the Asquith Ministry and of the part that Lord Beaverbrook himself is alleged to have played. Was it he, or another, who succeeded in the switching off of his friend, Mr. Bonar Law, from the Asquithian to the Lloyd Georgian side? . . .

Of Lord Beaverbrook's political views there is no need to speak. He denies most strenuously that he has ever been influenced by merely personal reasons in his attacks on politicians, and disclaims any 'vendetta' against the Prime Minister. 'The differences have been public and not private. But it would only be candid for me to admit that such a succession of grave errors of policy have damaged my belief in Mr. Baldwin's political judgment.' We can be confident that Lord Beaverbrook honestly believes himself impartial. We are not so sure that he always sees to the bottom of his own motives.

A writer in the *New Statesman*, who recognizes the excellence of Lord Beaverbrook's aims and the disinterestedness of his pursuit of them, agrees with Mr. Strachey in his central criticism of the book: —

> The chief criticism we would offer of Lord Beaverbrook's book is that he seems to us vastly to overrate the actual public influence of the newspapers that he controls. He himself has played a very considerable part in the politics of the past few years, and at certain important moments — in 1916 and 1922, for example

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— his influence may even have been decisive; but that influence has been a personal influence exerted directly upon men with whom he was intimate; it has not been at any time the influence of the *Daily Express*. The political influence of the *Express* (as of the *Daily Mail*, for that matter) is almost negligible. What journalist or public man, asked by a foreigner to name, say, the half a dozen English newspapers that 'counted' most in the creation and expression of British public opinion, would dream of including the *Express* in his selection? Lord Beaverbrook seems to suffer from an illusion on this point. Hugely successful popular newspapers never exert any serious political influence; for which fact the reason is simple: such papers win their circulation chiefly by an ability to *amuse*, and cannot thereafter persuade even their own readers to take them very seriously. Who cares that the *Express* wants the Jews out of Palestine, or that with all its force it was opposed to the Locarno Pact? When the question of the ratification of that Pact comes before the House of Commons, will the *Daily Express* be found to have turned one single vote against it? Possibly. But certainly not *two!* Lord Beaverbrook's opinions on such questions may at times have important practical results because of his private influence, but what the *Daily Express* or *Sunday Express* say about them is of no appreciable consequence.

Wickham Steed, at the end of a somewhat ironical review in the *Review of Reviews*, concludes: —

> On the whole, Lord Beaverbrook's booklet shows no cause to regret the transition of Maxwell Aitken, the political wirepuller, to Beaverbrook, the journalist. In his forty-seventh year he is still young and potentially able to learn. If he can learn that the function of the press is not to govern, or to control this minister or that, but to spread ideas, give news, and thoughtfully to suggest policies and the reasons for them without seeking honors or wealth for its proprietors, he may yet make a more useful contribution to public life than he has made. The press cannot replace the representative parliamentary institutions that are essential to constitutional freedom. As Mr. A. G. Gardiner rightly concludes, in a review in the *Sunday Express*, the function of the press under the parliamentary system is 'to report the facts, argue the case, inform the public. Its relations with politicians should be consistent with the maintenance of the authority of parliament. Its client is the public. Its business is to help the public to come to an instructed decision and not to exploit its influence for personal power.'
>
> Since Lord Beaverbrook has been sportsman enough to let Mr. Gardiner say these things to him in the *Sunday Express*, we may hope that he will also have the grace to mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. His ignorance of English ways is still profound. As one of his reviewers wrote, he looks upon this country with the eyes of a foreigner. If, during the perturbations of war-time and of the early post-war years he might be excused for not understanding the unwritten laws of healthy political life, there is less excuse for him now. Race jingoism is not the most abiding quality in the British character, nor are vociferous appeals to self-interest and to the meaner instincts of the people the surest methods of securing esteem or of wielding influence. Lord Beaverbrook's confessions and professions show that his estimate of the power of the press and of its proper relationship to politicians is all awry. If he can remember some of the lessons that he probably learned as a child in the New Brunswick manse — lessons that sustained Mr. Bonar Law throughout life — he may yet find a better key to the heart of the British people than he can discover by dining and wining the men whose fingers are supposedly on the trigger.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

BIGELOW, POULTNEY. *Seventy Summers*. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $10.00.

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# COMING EVENTS ABROAD

BRIANÇON will be the scene of regional military ski races of the Fifteenth Corps from March 26 to 29. These will include team races, obstacle races, and long-distance races, as well as jumping and figure-skating.

At Cauterets, on March 28, the Luge Races will be held. The Cup of the Ski Club of Cauterets and the Cup of the Touring Club of France will be awarded.

During the early part of April, the posthumous opera left by Puccini, *Turandot*, is scheduled for its première performance at the Scala in Milan, with Toscanini at the conductor's desk.

During the month the spring festival or Sechseläuten will take place at Zurich, and the Camellia and Mimosa Festival at Locarno.

On April 3, Cannes will be the scene of a Venetian Fête, with fireworks. From April 3 to 17, International Sailing Regattas will be held there, and the following cups will be awarded: 'Ville de Cannes' Cup, 'Valletta' Cup, 'Croix-des-Gardes' Cup, 'Californie' Cup, 'Lérins' and 'Mont-Chevalier' Cups.

Monday, April 5, will be Children's Day at both Nice and Menton. At the former place a children's Battle of Flowers will be held, and at the latter a children's floral fête. On Tuesday, April 6, a fancy-dress ball for children will take place at Nice.

An International Swimming Meeting, at which the Easter Cup will be awarded, will take place on April 14 at Cannes, and on the following day an International Match of Football will be held at the Hesperides Stadium there.

From April 16 to 21, the Beausoleil Lawn Tennis Championships will be contested at Monte Carlo, and a floral exhibition is promised there at an undetermined date during the spring. The opera season will come to an end on Sunday, April 4.

An Exposition of Swiss Industries will be held at Basel from April 17 to 27.

On April 24 a Ball organized by the Comité des Fêtes will be held at Menton, and on April 25 that city will be the scene of a Grand Fête of Commerce and Industry.

Visitors to Switzerland will not want to miss the open-air parliamentary meetings, or Landsgemeinden, of the various cantons, which will be held from April 25 to May 2.

The last important event of the Nice season will be an International Military Horse-racing Competition, which offers eight events contended for in the second half of April, with 83,000 francs in prizes and two challenge-cups.

The yachting regattas at Monte Carlo which begin in March will continue during the month of April.

Travelers planning to be in the Scandinavian countries during the latter part of the spring will want to have in mind the Eighth Annual Swedish Fair, which will be held in Goteborg between the sixth and thirteenth of May. At this fair, exhibits of all the most important industries of Sweden are of course to be seen, as well as extensive exhibitions of art, handicrafts, and textiles.

Several important fairs will take place in France during the month. Poitiers will have its annual Commercial and Agricultural Exhibition and Fair at the Parc de Blossac from April 2 to 18, and Lille its Second Annual International Commercial Fair at the same time. Vimoutiers will be the scene of its Fifth Annual Exhibition and Fair of Agricultural Products from April 3 to 7, and Montereau of an annual fair on April 18 and 19. From April 24 to May 2, Avignon will hold its Eighth Annual Agricultural Exhibition and Fair, and at the same time Rennes will be holding its Fifth Annual Fair.



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